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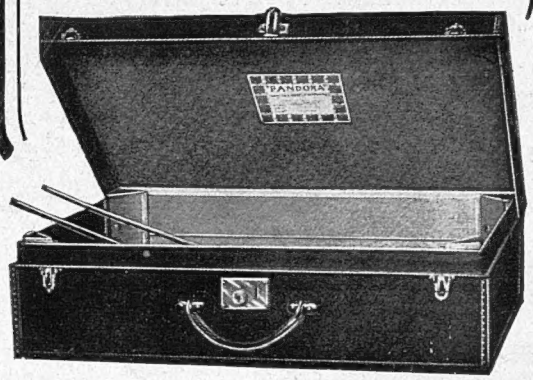

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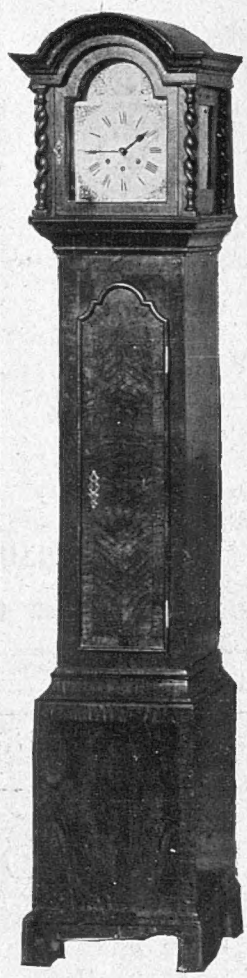

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Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

THE TICHBORNE-GREVILLE WEDDING

On Wednesday, June 25, the wedding of Sir Joseph Doughty Tichborne and Miss Denise Greville, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Fulke Greville, was solemnised at the Brompton Oratory. Our picture above shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church under an arch of swords formed by a detachment of the bridegroom's regiment

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Our Five Hundredth Number

It is a season of Jubilees. The Kaiser had one the other day, and the Tsar seems to be having nothing else. Not to be out of the movement, THE BYSTANDER is celebrating one of its own this week—privately. We hate display. Besides, we are doing something in that direction next week in the shape of a Holiday Special—the sort of thing you might feel inclined to take away with you—and prefer to reserve for its festive pages any Tangoistic displays by which we may feel inclined to prove ourselves to be 500 and still desperately alive.

***

A Great Success!

The President's visit was, of course, a great success. Every visit of every ruler to the head of another State is always a great success. When the Kaiser comes, or King Alfonso, or President Yuan-Shih-Kai, there will always be friendly greetings and banquets and toasts. The same little scraps of bunting will flutter, like garments on washing day, on the same strings across the same streets, and the same crowds of people will come out of the same unknown, and give vent to the same so-called "cheers." The papers will write columns of the same unmitigated balderdash, and when the visitor has been sent safely packing, we shall all forget about him, and turn our attention to the same startling by-election or sensational case in the courts.

THE ROYAL GESTURE

The King and the Prince of Wales drive to Victoria to bid farewell to President Poincaré. The Prince seems to be progressing nicely with the royal gesture, to wit, a gracious removal of the hat

***

President Poincaré and His Predecessors

For our part, we regard visits from heads of States as occasions for politeness rather than paroxysms. The circumstances, and the personality of the man himself, mark M. Poincaré's visit from those of his predecessors, MM. Loubet and Fallières. In those two cases the Presidents came to visit a King who had already visited them, and was extremely popular in Paris. M. Poincaré came to visit a monarch not personally, as yet, known to Frenchmen, who has not, as yet, been able to pay them even that visit expected from him by etiquette. For Germany had the honour of first welcoming Their Majesties.

Politics First and Last

M. Poincaré's visit has been, therefore, a little "out of the ordinary": one has the suspicion that its motive was nine-parts out of ten political. He is known to us as a politician; his speeches have point, precision, and style; one reads between their lines. And, as one watched Poincaré pass through the streets, one was asking oneself "What does this clever man with the intelligent face really think of all this sort of thing?" When one saw Loubet and Fallières, *bons bourgeois* of genial mien, we cheered them as amiable men of the people, probably genuinely delighted that Fortune should have raised them to the place next kings. Never for a moment did we suspect M. Poincaré of such ingenuous sentiments. We felt he was taking our measure, that his eyes were missing nothing, that his ears were detecting the exact *timbre* of those wonderful so-called "cheers."

***

A Man with a Purpose

The President came with a purpose. He wanted to talk business with *ces messieurs de Grande Bretagne*: to decide once for all whether this *entente* is an affair of words or of deeds, and exactly what mean our successive coquettings with Germany. For this, we respect M. le Président the more, if we love him a little the less. For John Bull does, after all, in his heart of hearts, prefer a fellow who is, like himself, a bit of a fool to one who is so much the reverse as is M. Poincaré.

***

Henley and "Society"

Outdoor functions figure largely in the attractions of this week—Racing at Newmarket, the Lawn Tennis Championships, and certainly not least Henley, which used not to be "it" at all, but which now, thanks largely to Their Majesties' lead, even social climbers are perfectly safe in visiting—which is pleasant for them, and does no harm to the meeting. For you can't very well make enclosures or a top-hat rule on the Thames.

"When Allies Fall Out—"

ROBERT MACAIRE (TSAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA) JACQUES STROP (KING PETER OF SERVIA)

—There is just the bare possibility that "honest people" if there are any in the district, may conceivably come by what they are pleased to regard as their own!

By E. T. REED

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THE PETTICOAT COMMANDS. By Johanna Brandt. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
UNQUENCHED FIRE. By Alice Gerstenberg. (Long: 6s.)
RUE AND ROSES. By Angela Langer. (Heinemann: 5s. net.)
THE LAND AND YOURSELF. By H. B. Samuel, M.A. (Murby: 1s. net.)
THROUGH THE WINDOW. By Mary E. Mann. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)

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The Two Romances of a Million

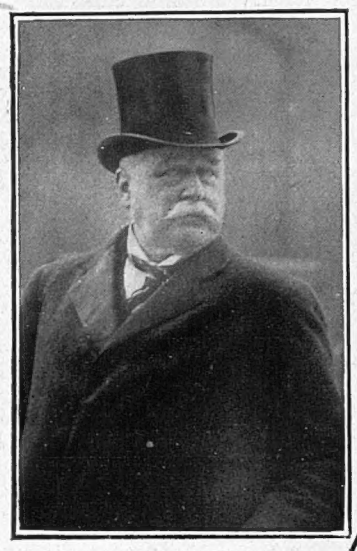
Garden Parties

On Saturday—when the King, by the way, will review some unmounted Territorials in Hyde Park—there will be another of the famous garden-parties at Osterley Park, which, like Syon House, is an oasis of beauty quite close to London. Royalty is expected to be among the thousand or so guests of Lady Jersey, who, by the way, like some members of the Royal family, is a strong anti-Suffragist, and leads the party of opposition with Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

* * *

Royal Duties

After the review the King and Queen go north for their week's tour of Lancashire, with its long programme of drives which makes one tired only to think of. But driving about (and bowing) is, of course, one of the first duties of Royalty, and, no doubt, it becomes second nature after a while — especially when the carriages are so spring-cushioned that the bowing motion is almost involuntary. The Prince, meanwhile, goes once more to Germany, where he will stay some time as the guest of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.



MR. DONALD MALCOLM SCOTT

A brother of the late Sir John Murray Scott, who is opposing the latter's will and five codicils in favour of Lady Sackville on the grounds of her alleged undue influence on the testator

LORD AND LADY SACKVILLE

With their daughter, leaving the Law Courts last week on the adjournment of the action to which they are parties

* * *

Tempting Providence

The worst of white top-hats is that they are such a temptation of Providence. His Majesty having brought them in again at Ascot, they promptly more or less swept the town, and even appeared in large numbers in the House of Commons. Not all were new investments, some having evidently been kept for years in the hope of the fashion coming in again, though the black band instead of grey rather dated them. They certainly made things look refreshingly cool. But — need I add — they killed instantly that promising young heat-wave we were really beginning to get quite proud of.

* * *

That Little Fortune

If I were superstitious I should certainly think that the fortune of over half a million left by Sir John Murray Scott to Lady Sackville had some peculiar property of its own. For Sir John himself, so I am told, inherited it in a curious manner. Sir Richard Wallace took a great fancy to him—he was originally, I believe, a doctor at Boulogne, and made Sir Richard's acquaintance professionally — and induced him to become his private secretary. When Sir Richard died, however, he left all his money to his wife, making no mention of Scott. Whereupon Lady Wallace, who had not been too well-disposed towards him, was so much impressed by his not having used his great influence with Sir Richard to get a bequest for himself that she left him the whole fortune. In the circumstances the present case is a curious coincidence, at any rate.

THE LATE SIR JOHN MURRAY SCOTT

Whose will, involving the settlement of property to the value of over a million pounds, is the subject of a "cause célèbre" at present occupying the attention of the Courts

"Roses, Roses, All the Way"

The Duke's Death

One fact about the late Duke of Sutherland THE BYSTANDER would commend to the attention of his Radical readers. He was not only the biggest landowner in England, but, after the Tsar, the biggest in Europe—and yet as modern English standards of wealth go he was not a rich man! Indeed, it was said, with what truth I know not, that a year or two ago the Sutherlands were really "hard up!"

***

Land or Commerce

The fact is that only a very small percentage of landed proprietors derive any substantial profit from their estates, and in many cases these are actually a source of loss rather than gain. Wherefore it always makes THE BYSTANDER extremely angry when he hears the Radical party and its many plutocrats prate of the iniquity and the power of landlords. As if unlimited money did not confer more power nowadays than the mere possession of land.

***

The Roses

THE BYSTANDER is sorry but he cannot approve of the artificial rose campaign, however admirable in intention. To begin with, it is unsound economic theory to manufacture such useless and ugly things. Secondly, it is unfair to ruin the trade of every genuine flower-seller for one whole day. Thirdly, it is undignified to send girls out into the streets to blackmail passers-by for any cause whatever. Lastly, it seems reasonable that the hospitals, which are public institutions, should be supported by public funds and not have to depend on the "desire" of private individuals to escape from being bothered. I admit there is a pleasant side to "Rose Day," to wit, the spectacle, always agreeable of any great common effort—especially when interpreted by nice young ladies in white frocks. But, oh! the rubbish the papers wrote about it and the awful poetry it inspired.

ALEXANDRA DAY

Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra driving through the streets last week on the day now consecrated to artificial roses and charity

***

A Disappointing "Season"

The arbitrarily defined period which at present we call "the London season" has now entered its third and final stage, and unless it undergoes some sudden and thorough bracing-up, I'm afraid it will come to its appointed end at Goodwood and Cowes without ever having fulfilled expectations. There have been quite the usual number of functions; in fact, the list has been, to all appearances, an unusually full and attractive one; and the weather has been rather above than below the average—not that that is ever quite a deciding cause of success or failure.

***

Why?

Yet, somehow, there has been—to those taking part exclusively in the aforesaid "season," I mean—an air of extraordinary lifelessness about the whole thing. Those who make a business of pleasure, indeed, say that the lack of "go" in the present season has been quite unexampled. Some people insist that the closing of the great houses is responsible for it all. If they are right, they are confirming very strikingly what was said in THE BYSTANDER a couple of weeks ago—that the desire of semi-Society to rub shoulders with the *élite* is one of the mainstays of the present system.

NEXT WEEK—HOLIDAY SPECIAL

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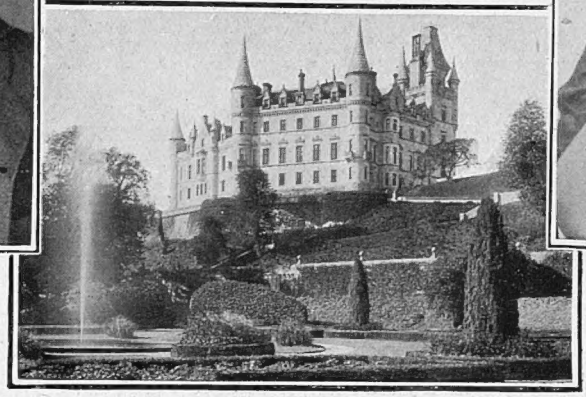
THE MIXTURE—AS USUAL.

Heirs to Broad Acres:

THE NEW DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

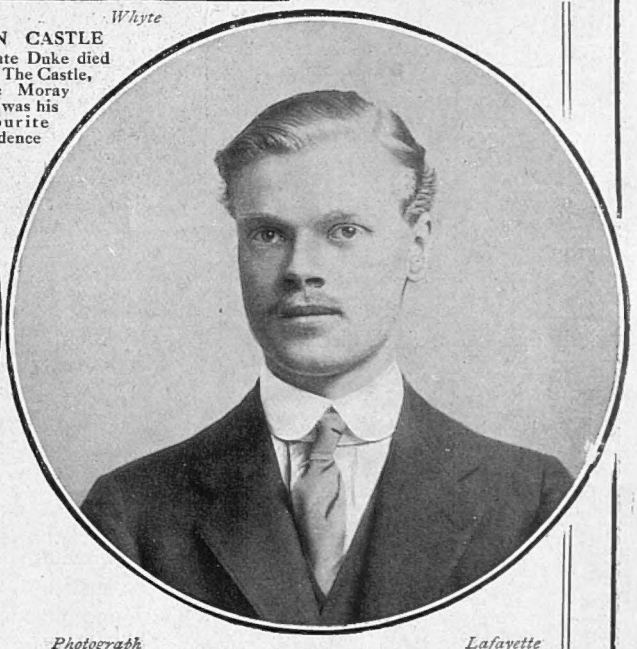
Photograph Russell
THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND
Fourth holder of the title



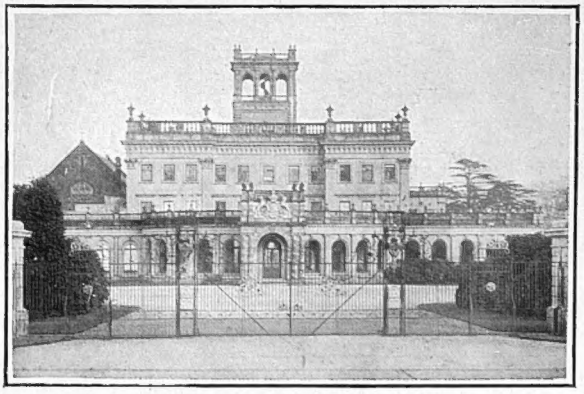
Photograph Whyte
DUNROBIN CASTLE
Where the late Duke died last week. The Castle, on the Moray Firth, was his favourite residence

Photograph Rita Martin
THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND
Daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn

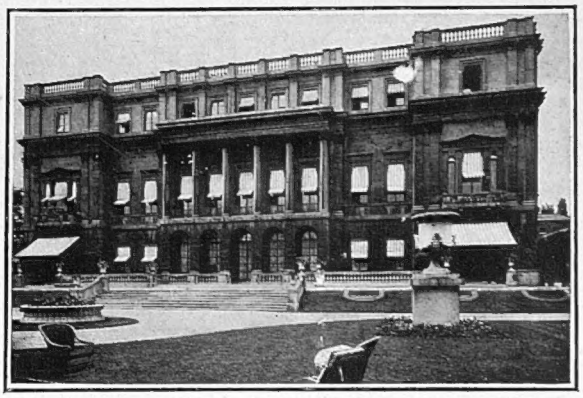
Photograph Rita Martin
THE NEW DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND
Née Lady Eileen Gwladys Butler, who married the Marquess of Stafford last year



Photograph Lafayette
THE NEW DUKE OF SUTHERLAND
Who is nearly twenty-five years old



TRENTHAM HALL, STAFFS.
Another beautiful Sutherland domain

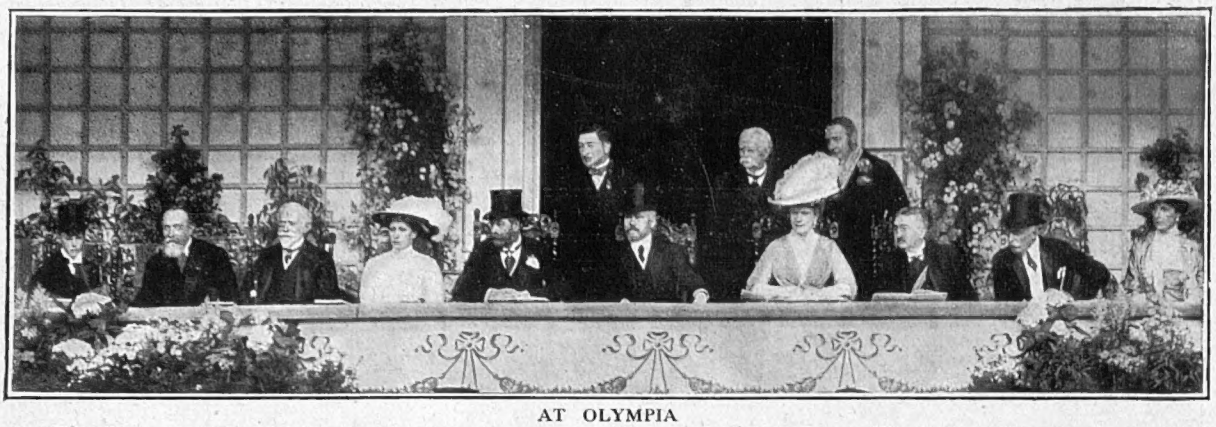


STAFFORD HOUSE
Purchased by Sir William Lever. Until recently the London residence of the Duke

The passing of the late Duke of Sutherland, and the accession of the new holder of the title, is an event of territorial, if of no other particular importance, for the Duke of Sutherland is the largest landowner in Great Britain. The Dowager Duchess, who was married on her seventeenth birthday, is one of the most beautiful as well as the most "live" women of England, and the new Duchess is one of the smartest, cleverest, and prettiest women in Society. Stafford House, of course, has been sold to Sir William Lever, and Trentham Hall dismantled, the sewage from the Potteries having ruined it as a residence

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

M. Poincaré's Twenty-Four Hour Day



AT OLYMPIA

President Poincaré on Thursday last in the afternoon saw the competition for the King Edward VII. Gold Challenge Cup for jumping. In the photograph may be seen (from left to right) the Prince of Wales, M. Mollard, M. Cambon, Princess Mary, King George, President Poincaré, Queen Mary, M. Pichon and the Duke of Connaught, while at the back, on the right, is Lord Lonsdale

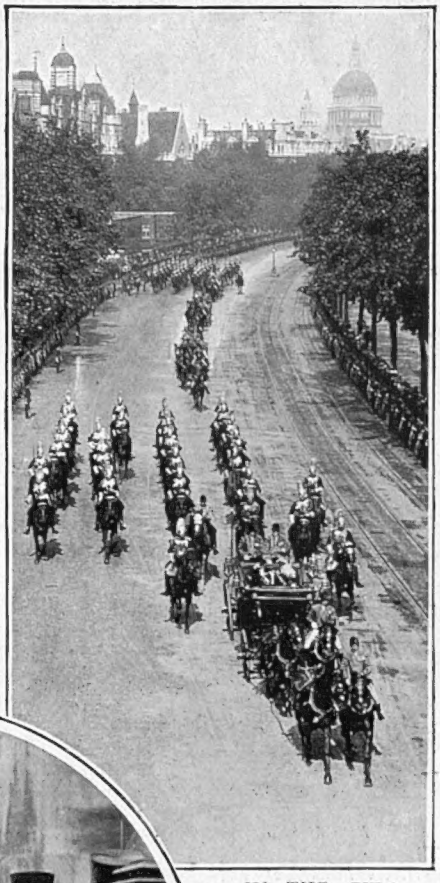
The Lady in the Case

Amid all the official functions and all the very real enthusiasm (which has, I hope, proved to the French President that though we may have been walking out with Germany we are still engaged to France) THE BYSTANDER has felt even more interested in M. Poincaré as an individual than as a mere symbol. And while considering his brilliant career, his useful life of service to his countrymen either as barrister or statesman, I could not help remembering one fact. M. Poincaré married a lady divorced from her husband!

* * *

Had He Been English

Whether Mme. Poincaré divorced her first husband or was divorced by him I do not know. In any case it makes no difference to my point—which is that if our honoured and much-lauded guest had been an Englishman he could not have gone to Court at all! And, consequently, I suppose, he could not have been in the Cabinet, or, indeed, have held any high office whatever. Not, mark you, from any legal disability, but from a mere social taboo, and even that an extremely limited one! That is how we treat our Poincarés, to their slight hurt, doubtless, but to the great hurt of the whole country.



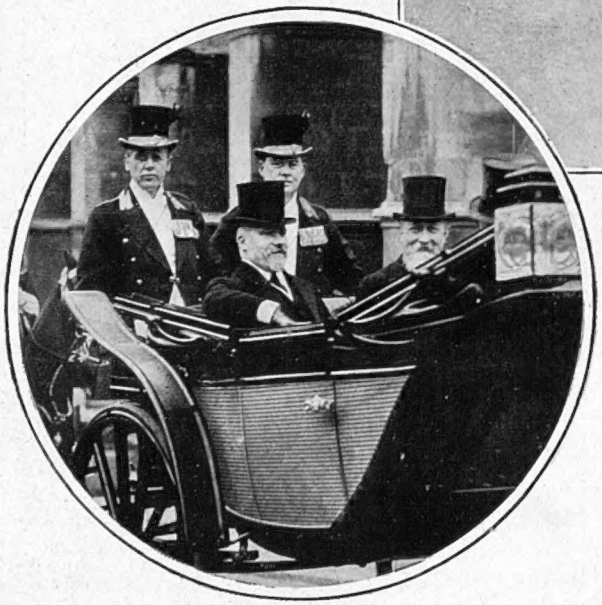
IN THE CITY

The procession returning along Victoria Embankment after the lunch at the Guildhall on Wednesday, given in honour of the President

* * *

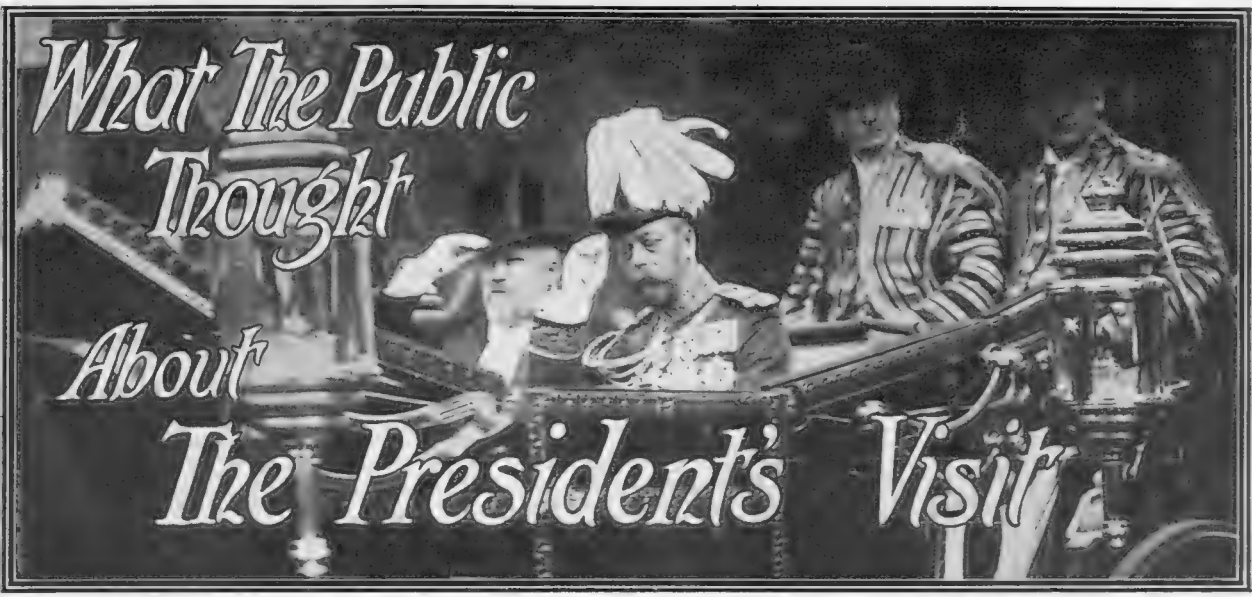
The New Cosmopolis

For in this supposedly Protestant England there is an official prejudice against divorce that would put to shame a mere Roman Catholic, who will, at any rate, sometimes pull the strings of annulment. In any case we no longer live in times when morals, or even customs, are a mere matter of geography. Whatever laws and lawyers may say we all live too close nowadays to think that what is permissible in one great European country can be so very wicked in another. As communities we draw nearer together every day, and, consequently, as individuals we become more distinct. For this reason tolerance is become not only the most popular, but the most necessary, virtue of the twentieth century. Thus THE BYSTANDER would never have been so impertinent as to comment on M. Poincaré's private affairs at all were not the lesson for Englishmen so obvious.



AT WINDSOR

On Thursday morning the President honoured the tombs of King Edward VII. at St. George's Chapel and Queen Victoria at Frogmore, placing wreaths upon them. The photograph shows him leaving St. George's Chapel with M. Mollard



KING GEORGE AND PRESIDENT POINCARÉ DRIVING DOWN BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD

SAID the Editor to me: "I have an important mission for you. Leave your watch and chain at home, if you have not already left it elsewhere, go to the line of route along which President Poincaré must pass—and don't forget that the Paris Bystander says you must pronounce his name 'Pwank—array'—mingle with the crowd, learn what they think of the *Entente Cordiale*, and then return here and try and transcribe what you have gathered."

I laid my watch and chain on the editorial desk, and I went.

I soon reached the line of route, and I soon mingled. I mingled first of all with two extraordinarily alcoholic-looking ruffians, who absolutely declined to discuss anything with me save the thirstiness of the weather. "Ongtont cordial," said one of them with a nasty wart over his left eye, "never tasted it. Give me a pint of bitter, eh, Bill? Say, mite, are you in the chair?"

I left them and wandered on. Two dark-eyed gentlemen attracted my attention. "Ah-ha," said I, "now I shall hear the French view of the *entente*." I addressed them politely. "*Que pensez-vous, messieurs,*" said I, "*de l'entente cordiale?*" They looked at me coldly. "I no understanda French," said one of them freezingly. "*Italian Ica creama merchant.*"

"*Scusi,*" replied I, and went further.

A little man in a rusty black frock-coat with a low collar and brass-rimmed spectacles, looked promising. I wedged against him. "The *entente cordiale*," I began, but he interrupted me. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but you're a bigger man than I am. Would you mind 'oldin' up my little Billy 'ere when the King passes?" I looked at little Billy—he was a peculiarly nasty little Billy—I thought of my Editor. But I passed on.

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

AT PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

The President having been met by the Prince of Wales on his arrival at Portsmouth last Tuesday, proceeded to inspect the Guard of Honour composed of sailors and marines from the "Victory." The Prince is seen wearing the uniform of a Naval Lieutenant with the Order of the Legion of Honour

Next I tried a policeman. He was a genial-looking policeman, a sort of comic-paper supper-with-the-cook officer, and he was a bit of a humourist. I could tell that because he was combing out the tail of a Life Guardsman's mount. "The sight of that would make old Winans 'appy now wouldn't it?" he remarked to an admiring nursemaid. "I wonder 'e don't kick, I do," answered the protector of the most delicate child upon which I have ever set eyes. "I'm shewer I should if anyone pulled mine."

"A fine thing this visit of the President . . ." I began.

"Think so, sir?" returned the humorous officer. "You wouldn't if you was on duty. Keep back there, won't yer. What's the good o' shovin'?"

"I was referring," I went on, "to the *entente cordiale*."

"Oh, I say," giggled the nursemaid, "don't 'e talk the langwidge nice."

"Bli-me, yus," echoed a spotty youth beside her, "'e can pickle the 'am and no mistake." (I learned afterwards that this was rhyming slang.)

I turned to him. "Well, then, you sir," I asked, "what do you think of the policy initiated according to popular report by the late King Edward, this friendly understanding between England and France?"

"Dunno," returned my spotty friend; "I s'pose it's all Isle of Wight. Got a light, mate?"

I reluctantly gave him a match and pursued my way. Two bright-looking females engaged in earnest conversation seemed hopeful. I stood by them.

"'Ope I 'ave better luck this time than at the Coronation," one of them was saying. "All I saw that time was the 'orses' tiles."

"Oh," cried the other, "look at that lidy in the window be'ind yer, Lucy. She's smokin'!"

Lucy looked inexpressible disgust.

"Lidy: she ain't no lidy. She's French. That's what she is!"

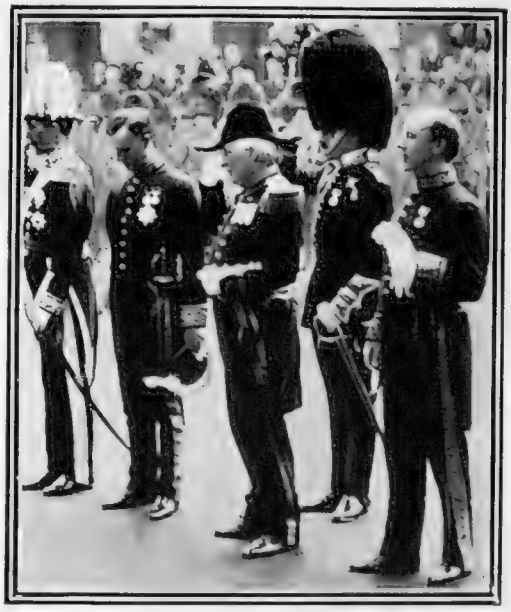
This looked less promising than ever. I was getting discouraged, if not desperate. I approached a lady dressed in the garb of a hospital nurse, who was carrying a diminutive child, and apparently explaining matters to her charge.

"Portsmouth, where's Portsmouth, darling? Why it's where baby brother gets his clothes from," she informed the little one.

"Why?" whined the infant, and I saw that here again I had struck a snag.

At last I found what promised to be good material. He was an unpleasant-looking gentleman with a sore lip and a watery eye, but he was holding forth to an admiring friend:

"And wot I says," he exclaimed, "is this. Why should we mike all this 'ere fuss over this 'ere Prawncurry? Why 'e ain't even got a bloomin' uniform, 'e ain't. Fancy me goin' abaht in a dress soot of an afternoon."



"ALLONS ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE"

Ministers salute during the playing of the "Marseillaise" at Victoria Station on the arrival of President Poincaré. From left to right may be seen Lord Crewe, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, Lord John Hamilton, and Mr. McKenna

I couldn't fancy it.

"But President Poincaré is a great man," I interrupted.

"Is 'e," said the gentleman with a sore lip. "'Oo sez so?"

"I say so," I said, rather nettled.

"Oh, you do, do yer," came the reply. "And 'oo might you be?"

I explained that I followed the literary profession.

"Then I reckon you're a long way be'ind it," sneered the sore lip.

The crowd giggled, and I walked on—desperate.

And then, just as I thought I had spotted a man wearing the rosette of the Legion of Honour, the King and the President drove by.

"Vive Pwank-array," I yelled.

"Vive La France."

"Well, I guess it's a durned good thing for England to be on the right side of the French," said a voice at my elbow. "What with Carpentier licking Billy Wells and . . ." But I went away beaten. My editor hadn't sent me out on a mission to glean opinions from America.

On my return to the office the Editor was waiting for me.

"*Eh bien*," said he (he had seen the arrival from his club window). "Got some good stuff?"

"No," replied I truthfully, "my compatriots wouldn't talk, and the only Frenchman I saw was President Poincaré. And you know his views already."

WELCOME TO YORK HOUSE

King George is here seen escorting President Poincaré into York House, St. James's, where the President stayed during his London visit last week. Behind the King and his guest are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught

A Study in Oriental Decadence

NIJINSKY IN "SCHEHERAZADE"

The Bystander is certainly not prudish, but he thinks that the Russian ballet has carried the cult of Oriental decadence a little too far. In Scheherazade, for instance, though it is undoubtedly a masterpiece, he is reminded of the intelligent printer's reader, immortalised by Andrew Lang, who, in a geological work dealing with "erratic boulders," talked of a "plain strewn with erotic blacks"

BY VALENTINE GROSS

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A COMPLIMENTARY luncheon to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General, even though given by the National Liberal Club, hardly seems an adequate recognition of their superb courage and devotion in investing in American Marconis at a critical period. Still, it is a beginning. The Order of Merit may follow.

* * *

Luncheon is not the sort of meal we should have chosen ourselves. A luncheon, at which Mr. Harry and Mr. Godfrey were present, started all those dreadful *canards* which we have now, happily, forgotten. However, luncheon is cheaper than dinner, and in the present state of the party funds——!

* * *

"A petrified man from South America was sold by auction in Paris last week." It would be wrong to infer from this that Lord Murray had got back from Quito after all.

* * *

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT

THE GLOOMY ONE: "Here's a revolver I bought of you. I wish you'd take it back. I've changed my mind"

Besides, this petrified man is said to be thousands of years old, and nobody knows how he came to be turned into stone. Perhaps he was left alone in a country where all the women had become militant. Perhaps he was the Home Secretary of his day, and the Suffragettes got hold of him. Anyway, there he is, poor chap, petrified.

* * *

An American publisher has built the most powerful hydro-aeroplane in the world, but he disclaims any intention—says the *Telegraph* — of an attempt to cross the Atlantic yet awhile. It would, no doubt, be more in the interests of literature if he were to send on board some of the "best-selling" American novelists for an experimental flight.

* * *

Birds — according to a contemporary — have developed a new sense, and now when they see a motor coming along a country road "they bustle away to the gutter in a businesslike way, giving a few angry or petulant squeaks." As a matter of fact, there is nothing particularly new about this procedure. We have noticed old ladies and country rectors doing it for years past.

* * *

The German Government Fishery Authorities have issued a public appeal to oyster-eaters to abandon their prejudice in favour of English natives and Dutch oysters, and to ask instead for Royal Prussians. Some people will call this Chauvinism, but we don't see why German oysters should not, to quote a well-known saying, "have their place in the Tum."

* * *

Anyway, Germans in general should welcome this request to swallow some Royal Prussians. Hitherto, as a rule, the Royal Prussians have done most of the swallowing in Germany.

* * *

Far be it from us to quarrel with the programme of the British Centenary of Peace Committee. The erection of a Centenary Memorial in Westminster Abbey will be an excellent thing, especially if it is done with the best simplified spelling. The Abbey is so stiff otherwise that this would be a joy.

* * *

To the purchase of the Washington family ancestral home (with cherry trees) we have already given our cordial assent, and we like the idea of founding a permanent Chair of Anglo-American History. The Chair ought certainly to be permanent, for Anglo-American History does differ so in the two countries.

* * *

LETTING HIM OUT

EMPLOYEE: "Mr. Hirem, my wife wants me to go shopping with her. Can I get off this afternoon?"

EMPLOYER: "Positively, no! We're too busy and can't spare you."

EMPLOYEE: "Thank you; you are very kind, Sir"

But if the Committee want a hint as to what would really prolong the peace between the States and ourselves, we will give it. Let American competitors at the All-England Championships at Wimbledon wear spikes in their shoes, and there will be symbol of kinship enough. Veto spikes, and anything may happen.

* * *

Enthusiastic Wagnerians who have witnessed the Potting of Parsifal at the Coliseum are now expressing a hope that it will soon be followed by the Passing of Potters All.

When Things Were Done Thoroughly

A CARTOON WITH A MARCONIAN MORAL

SHADE OF DISRAELI (*to Mr. Lloyd George*): "We used to speculate in our days, too, but we did things rather differently to you. The Suez Canal shares I bought from the Khedive at £4,000,000 are now worth £44,046,000, and *I* bought them for England"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Gilded Pill" at the Globe Theatre
and "The Perfect Cure" at the Apollo

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE GILDED PILL"

THE happy feature of this play is that it provides Mr. Rutland Barrington with a really delightful part. Robert Dennison is a mere nobody when he comes among distinguished people like Sir Bevis Seaton Glastonbury and his rather priggish relations who pride themselves on being real county people or something of that sort. Dennison is the trustee under the will of their father, and with all the reluctance in the world he has to point out to begin with that they are over-running the constable. Further than that he cannot help informing them that their family inheritance has long been exhausted and that it is he himself who is supplying the motive power for the mare, as the old proverb has it. It seems that the original Glastonbury was not a county gentleman at all, but just a maker of popular pills, and the younger Glastonburys spend a good deal of time in gasping at the awful truth. They are not, however, a very interesting lot of people, and our sympathies are all the time with Robert Dennison, who is quite an amusing old gentleman with his inability to recognise a snub when it is handed out, and his way of causing trouble when he is convinced that he is making peace and happiness. These be parlous times for plays and players, but we must all hope for the best.

"THE PERFECT CURE"

I had just taken my pen in hand, as it were, in order to write a sympathetic notice of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's new production at the Apollo Theatre when a telephone message arrived to say that the piece was about to be taken off. My notice, therefore, would seem to be more in the nature of an inquest. The play was called *The Perfect Cure*. For four anxious nights it fought for its little life, and then it sank dismally under the cold wave of public indifference. If I were a really smart journalist I could take advantage of this unique circumstance to proclaim loudly that I could see at once that such a play would never do for the stage, and to predict for it a run of a few days at the most. As it happens, however, I have had the disadvantage (in these times) of a pious upbringing, and honesty compels me to confess that I rather liked the play. It had its defects—but who of us has not? On the other hand, it had its good qualities, and in my opinion these should have been sufficient to justify the continuance of its existence, at least until I could have got out a printed notice about it.

"TWO'S COMPANY—"
Lord Savedale and Lionel Glastonbury assist Kitty Tyson with the flower-pots

The part of Vincent Cray is quite one of the best that Mr. Charles Hawtrey has yet presented to us. Here is a man of fifty, apparently in good health, who plays the chronic invalid because he does not want to lose the companionship of a foolishly devoted daughter. When she talks of getting married he has a purely imaginary heart attack, and babbles of death and the green grave till his daughter is moved by compassion to assure him that she will remain by his side as long as he needs her help. Mr. Hawtrey, it seemed to me, brought out the ridiculous selfishness of the man in the most convincing manner,

JEUNESSE DORÉE
The youthful but snobbish head of a family whose aristocracy rested on —— pills!

and his humour, though often extravagant, was never overdone. That is why I wonder more than ever why the thinking public declined to give the play its support. Is it possible that one of the things that made the play unattractive was that there were only four persons in the cast? After all, it is a little late in the day to try and convince the thinking public that quality is better than quantity. A friend of mine who conducts a popular magazine once told me the secret of his advantage over his rivals. His magazine weighed two clear ounces more than any other in

Bluff, Hearty, and Rotund

MR RUTLAND BARRINGTON IN A NEW "ROLL" AT THE GLOBE

Mr. Rutland Barrington in the person of Robert Dennison bursts upon the aristocratic, but extremely snobbish, family of Glastonbury as trustee for their father's estate. He is full of "the milk of human kindness": they are stiff with false aristocratic exclusiveness. The result can be imagined—or better still, seen at the Globe Theatre

the market, and its success was, therefore, assured.

If all that is the matter with the play is that it needs more characters in order to diversify the interest, I see no reason why it should not be heard of again in an amended form. It must be admitted that clever as the four people are who interpret this play to us, their talk becomes at times a little wearisome owing to the stern monotony of it. Mr. Lyonel Watts as Jack Probyn is a faithful lover, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as Madge is the impersonation of filial duty, but they both become a little prosy as time proceeds. Mr. Stanley Houghton has made his character study with an over-conscientious thoroughness. In developing Vincent Cray from a selfish *malade imaginaire* to an alert man with a renewed interest in life and love, the author pads his play with detail that might do in a novel, but which is scarcely suitable for the drama. Besides, in a novel you can always skip the dry parts; whereas at the theatre you have to sit and yawn and hope for better luck presently. Another of the delightful parts in the play is that of Cousin Martha, the well-to-do, matter-of-fact woman of forty odd who descends on the household and cures the invalid by marrying him herself. This part was most charmingly played by Miss Maude Millett. If my memory serves me correctly, it is twenty-five years since I last saw Miss Millett and Mr. Hawtrey playing together. The occasion was in *The Private Secretary*, to wit. To judge by Miss Millett's present appearance she must have been considerably younger then than she looked. I do not wish to be ungallant, but I do think nature is a little unfair in these matters. During those twenty-five years I have lost the bloom of youth with disastrous completeness, while this lady has positively been allowed to grow fairer and more attractive than ever. Why does nature draw invidious distinctions between individuals like this? And why does a popular manager withdraw a play just when an able and discerning critic is about to give voice to his conscientious opinion that the piece is one that ought to have a very fair measure of success?

JINGLE

AS THE "HEAVY FATHER"
Mr. Charles Hawtrey finds a part entirely after his own heart in Vincent Cray

MATTERS MUSICAL

A MASTERPIECE

After Many Years

At last! We have heard so much of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounow* in the last few years—once, indeed, we have actually been promised its production—that most of us were quite excited when we entered Drury Lane last week. But I think that most of us were a great deal more excited when we went out. For there can be no doubt about the matter at all: *Boris Godounow* is a masterpiece.

Folk Songs

Yet in the ordinary musical sense of the word it is amateurish, rather crude, and, contrapuntally, quite unsophisticated. Without going into the vexed question of how far Rimsky-Korsakoff was justified in his rather drastic revision of the score, it seems obvious that it must have contained many rough places. However, that does not matter at all, for it contains some of the most original music ever written, as only a great genius could have written music, music original not only in conception, but in exposition, music that is positively cut out of the Russian soil. In a way, I think, too much has been said of the folk-song element. Any composer can use folk songs, and thus attempt to give a national flavour to his work. But Moussorgsky does much more than that. His music *is* folk-song, whether founded on actual folk songs or not. To know that you have only to look at his wonderful studies for the voice—you can hardly call them songs—such as the well-known half-comic, half-tragic soliloquy of an old drunken woman. You seem to be reading the pages of Dostoievski or Gorki or any one of those terrible realists who paint the barbarity and the sorrow of "Holy Russia."

"Inapposite Orchestration"

Now *Boris*, even if we except the obvious ballads like the "Song of the Flea" or "Varlaam's Song," is full of this kind of talent. Especially is it noticeable in the writing for individual members of the chorus. But, then, how wonderful is all the chorus-writing! In the Coronation scene, in the amazing scene of the peasants' revolt, it simply carries you off your feet, and if Rimski-Korsakoff's revision of the orchestration be inapposite—well, let us have as much of this kind of inappositeness as ever we can.

To the Conscientious

It is not necessary, even if it were possible, to tell the story of the opera here. The daily papers have already dealt with it at length. But anyone who wants to get the greatest possible enjoyment out of *Boris* would do well to familiarise himself beforehand with the story of the remorse-stricken usurper who was Boris Godounow. For, only thus, can he hope to appreciate the amazing subtlety and sensitiveness of those soliloquies which have evoked the enthusiasm of every musician educated enough to understand that musical education is not the end of all things.

For the Others

But even to the ordinary lazy opera-goer *Boris Godounow* offers much. It is so direct, so sincere, so dramatic in its simplicity, that even the cosmopolitan, fashionable audience of Tuesday, to whom it was, in a way, peculiarly unsuited, could not restrain their enthusiasm. Indeed, when you consider the inevitably *blasé* nature of a first-night audience,

and the inordinate length of the intervals, its triumph was quite remarkable.

An Admirable Performance

Probably a large part of the credit of this must be ascribed to the interpretation. Except in the case of the tenors, who were weak, it was perfect. The chorus—how English their tone was, by the bye!—sang in a manner that was worthy of the music, and no praise could be higher. As for M. Chaliapine, it were an insult to say anything about him at all except that he was, obviously, a little troubled by hoarseness. A more masterly interpretation of any rôle, either musical or histrionic, can never have been seen anywhere in any country.

FRANCIS TOYE

Photograph] THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN TSAR [*Gerschel*

M. Chaliapine, who in the title rôle of "Boris Godounow" immediately brought all London to his feet—and he not even a tenor but a common baritone! M. Chaliapine's performance was so dramatic, so obviously wonderful, that the fact of his singing in Russian made not the slightest difference to his success or the audience's enjoyment

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The Bystander in PARIS

T.L.P. AND P.T.T.

Telephone Talk

Hawkins had been admiring lots of things in Paris, and he was telling us about them, when suddenly he stopped and pointed to the telephone. "There's one thing we can beat you at, at any rate," he said. "Our telephone service in London is the worst in the world." "Ah, but no," said the Vicomte, "ah, but no, dear mister, you mistake yourself there." "*Toujours la politesse*," said Hawkins, dreamily. And then I chuckled, for he had "mistaken himself there" a little also. English residents in Paris have a nickname for the two great drawbacks to life here. We call them T.L.P. and P.T.T. *Toujours la politesse* is a fallacy. The Parisian used to be polite. He is now very angry when he is told that he is impolite, and he is often angry, for he is often told.

Hotel Inquiries

The other afternoon I called at the Grand Hotel. I had been summoned there by telephone, and knew, or thought I knew, that the lady who had summoned me expected me. I asked for her at the inquiry office. The inquiry clerk was as busy as the grubby young men in the Paris post offices, whose finger-nails require so much attention during office hours with so little result. It took him a long time to tell a small boy to ring up my friend's room. After a long wait the young man in the frock coat told me languidly that she was not there. "But I know she's in the hotel," I said, "and expecting me." "Go and find her," said the clerk at the inquiry desk. T.L.P.

Complain's

It was rather too T.L.Peasy-going for my taste, so I asked for the manager. There are very few hotels in the world in which a complaint does not get immediate attention. Mine didn't. A young man in the manager's office shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, you'd better write about it," he said. I told him I would, and I have. I have an idea he will hear of it. I am going to buy a copy of this number of THE BYSTANDER and send it to the chairman of the board of directors. I mentioned the incident to the lady who was staying in the hotel. "Oh, but everybody is dreadfully rude here," she said.

"SEM" AT ASCOT

At all events on canvas—painted there by the French artist, F. Flamery, in this year's Salon. We believe his impressions of the meeting are shortly to be published

Lip Service

And it is because Parisians are losing, or have altogether lost, their old-time courtesy to strangers that I am mentioning the fact. There is as much bowing in Paris as before. There is as much lip service, and the formulæ at the end of letters are still unwieldy. But it is all T.L.P. The wish to please has disappeared. Parisians call it "*Je m'en fichisme*." The spirit of Socialism is responsible for it, and the result is much discomfort. It will bring decrease in trade with it before long, too, or I am much mistaken.

"Are you There?"

"'Allo, 'Allo! 'A-A-A-LLOO!" Nobody answers. You jiggle the hook on your instrument, and 'Allo like a foghorn. Nothing happens. You re-jiggle. An angry voice in your ear protests at great length. "There is no need to ring like that," it says. "You ring me in the ears. It is impossible at the end." You refrain from the obvious retort that is not impossible because you have just done it, and carefully calling the lady "mademoiselle," for all telephone operators are "mademoiselle" in Paris, irrespective of age, Monsieur le Maire, and Monsieur L'Abbé, till nine o'clock p.m., when they become "monsieur," and you mildly remark that you want a number.

Repetition ad lib.

"Well, I am listening," says the operator. You tell her the number. She makes you repeat it. You repeat it. She repeats it. Then she repeats it again to somebody else. She (the somebody else) repeats it. You are switched on to a wrong number. You apologise, you hear language, you ring off. You ask for your number again with the jiggling interlude and the angry protest from mademoiselle. "I gave you the number," she says. "No, mademoiselle," you say. "You gave me another number." "But what number do you want, then?" says she. You repeat it. She repeats it. Then she re-repeats it, and someone else repeats it. Then you hear some conversation and a cackle, and the buzzer sounds.

The Réclamation

One reads about centenarians in the papers sometimes, but I never met a centenarian who had the telephone in Paris. P.T.T. Every telephone subscriber in this city averages two letters a week from friends who want to know whether he has been away or whether his telephone is out of order. In Paris, too, there is a special form

of torture for the scoundrels who pay sixteen pounds a year to the P.T.T. known as the "réclamation." Your bell rings, and you unhook the 'phone. "*J'écoute,*" says a voice. "I was rung up," you say. "Ah?" says the voice, with the most aggravating lack of interest imaginable. "But no, mademoiselle," you protest, "*I was rung up.* Somebody wants me." "Ah?" says the voice incredulously. "*Donnez-moi les réclamations,*" you say. (That is French for "Complaints please.") "*Pas libre,*" says the voice. If you have half a day to spare you go on worrying until you get "Complaints." You explain your trouble. "Who was it rang you up?" says Réclamations. "But how am I to know, me?" you shout. And Réclamations answers, "Sir, you might be polite."

An Official Letter If you push the matter further and are lucky you receive in five weeks time a letter on official paper beautifully typed, stating that "Inquiry is being made." In the course of the next six months you receive another letter stating that "you have not treated the operator with the wished-for courtesy." This is T.L.P. and P.T.T. mixed. Being an Englishman I prefer whisky and soda. I could heap up examples of telephone trouble in Paris for hours, but I will not harrow you with them. And all other branches of the P.T.T. are conducted on T.L.P. lines. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE BEAUTY DEATH

The Poison of Flowers A Beauty Death is suicide with bizarre, romantic scenario; motived in enigmatical words; committed gracefully without disturbance or blood. The highest form is Blossom Beauty Death. The sick-of-the-world-one sinks languidly on a couch of narcotic blooms, sniffs the overwhelming fragrance, and slides into the unreturning. . . . Lieschen and Lotte had read Freiligrath's *Der Blumen Rache;* and, of course, assiduously studied Herr Bismarck-Reisetaschen's *In Schoenheit Sterben* (*To Die in Beauty*) which tells how lovelorn Kaethie buried her head in jasmine, and . . . But it is notorious that white flowers . . . This Beauty Euthanasia . . . sounds right ripping to grass-green youth; and treasure Lieschen was seventeen last birthday, while treasure Lotte was only fifteen and a quarter . . . .

Herr Pierre Lagrave The trouble was Herr Pierre Lagrave of Toul. Herr Lagrave daily visited the Grünewald Villa, and taught the treasures to speak French and English with refined Parisian accent. He had black moustachios, black eyes, and a black wife (at Martinique), whom he sent twenty marks to every week. Under spell of Herr Pierre's black moustachios and eyes (but not of his black wife—they thought him single)—Lieschen and Lotte loved.

Love's Disillusioning Lieschen and Lotte quarrelled. When sisters fall out. . . . In vain they drew lots for Herr Pierre with April daisies. Then one fine morning they repaired to Grünewald Post Office. At the counter, unexpected, stood Herr Pierre, struggling in Gallic-Teutonic. "I would have you," he explained, "sent twentymarkspostofficeorder to Frau Thérèse Lagrave. . . ." The treasures heard. "Devoted son!" gushed Lieschen and Lotte. "Devoted husband," corrected Herr Lagrave. "*Ma pauvre mère est au ciel! Mais ma femme. . . .*"

The Refuge in Death Lieschen and Lotte felt they must die. The bitterness . . . the humiliation . . . "I at least will not survive," said Lieschen. "Nor I," said Lotte, "but how can we do it?" Then Lieschen's and Lotte's clear blue eyes fell on the tome "*In Schoenheit Sterben,*" by Herr Bismarck-Reisetaschen. "The Beauty Death . . . the Blossom Beauty Death!" rose simultaneously in both young minds.

The Death Blossoms At midnight (Frau Widow Suesswein fast asleep since ten) might be seen nightgowned Lieschen and Lotte flitting through the chilly garden with armfulls of fragrant flowers. All of them white . . . those flowers of magic breath that slay . . . White roses, white pansies, white petunias, white pelargoniums, almost the whole white jasmine tree. . . . In Lieschen's white arms alone enough blooms to . . . Then they flew back to their chamber, yearning for restful death.

To Die in Beauty Lieschen and Lotte decked the Death Bed. They would creep under the odoriferous blooms and die. . . . A farewell letter: "Accuse no one! Good-bye! We die in Beauty" . . . the letter cast on the landing near Lieschen's fairy shoe . . . a locked door . . . a last sisterly embrace; and down they lay, themselves two spotless lilies, in the flowers, certain that hateful day would never dawn. "To Death!" they whispered. "To Death!"

Frau Suesswein's Awakening At three next morning Frau Widow Suesswein awoke to thrilling screams. She rose—rushed to the treasures' chamber—pushed the door. The door was locked. . . . Crescendo screams from within. . . . Fainting Frau Widow Suesswein tore open the fatal letter. . . . "Accuse no one. . . . We die in Beauty!" . . . Visions of her heart's-blood treasures fainting from opened veins . . . desperation . . . a wild rush at the door . . . a broken lock. . . . Never in Grünewald's story did sight so dreadful strike a mother's eye.

Death the Earwig A yard from the door, having shed her last garment, looking like a young Walpurgis witch, hopped and squirmed adorable Lieschen. And darling Lotte, equally naked and beautiful, hopped and wriggled on a chair. The two screamed simultaneously: "Mother!"

"What is it, treasures?" panted Frau Widow Suesswein. "Are you mad . . . is it possible . . .?"

"A horrid earwig is creeping over me!" screamed Lieschen.

"There's a spider in the jasmine," screamed Lotte. "He's bitten me on the knee!"

MLLE. GABRIELLE DORZIAT

Mr. Robert Sauber's charming new portrait (with dogs) of the fetching Anglo-Parisian actress who has managed to make a success even in "Crœsus." She speaks English with just enough accent to make our language beautiful, and is famous on both sides of the Channel for her taste in dress. She is also, apparently, a devotee of "Les Sports."

The CALL of the RIVER

MARLOW REGATTA—THE FIRST OF THE SEASON

A general view showing the finish of the Junior Eights won by the Auriol R.C. Jer on the right is a snapshot showing the waiting game as played outside Boulter's Lo

Riverists and Riverettes

ONCE more the "Great Aquatic Carnival" of Henley (I quote a real live Sunday newspaper) is "on," and the river and regatta season is in full swing—the overworked phrase is apter than usual. Now is the time when we of the riverside live our entire lives in flannels and soft shirts, or "shorts" and vests, according to our energies and opportunities; but anyway—somehow or anyhow—on the water. Now is the time when Paddington Station is matutinally thronged with flannelled and muslined fools whose folly—*i.e.*, optimism about the weather—is more often justified than not.

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The Charm of Dulness

For, contrary to general opinion, you don't need a scorching sun to enjoy the river, and a dull day is, in many ways, more fascinating than any, with its gentle softness emphasising instead of out-'dazzling the beauty of banks and overhanging woods, the soothing charm of the plash of oar or scull or paddle—especially when wielded by others—not to mention the pleasing pop of the prandial cork and the glorious subsequent *glou-glou*, which, I remember, was called an "exception" in my French grammar, but is nothing of *that* kind on the riv .

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Henley Limitations

Of course, Henley is rather by way of overshadowing other things this week. But, delightful as it can be to "mooch" about the water or loll luxuriously on the bank at Phyllis Court, Henley is not exactly the river for ordinary wear. Unless one's racing—which is only given to the few—one is very much of a spectator, shepherded within certain limits by booms and a circumambient crowd. You get much more freedom at one of the smaller regattas, like the one at Bray last Saturday; and—whisper it low—often great deal more amusement. For one thing, you can, ve likely, take part in it, however amateur your efforts—in dongola race, anyway, or some other kind of "rag." A if you're just watching, you still feel "in it" all the same.

* *
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The Riverette

You know the riverette? A fascinating thing—general feminine—natty and shapely and white, with a spl of brilliant colour, and a general air of having come strai from a dressing-table with plenty of little boxes on it. frequently propels a punt with skilfully-unstudied grace, generally talks and laughs with much cordiality, and has little difficulty in guessing the trend of the conversat which not infrequently deals with theatrical matters.

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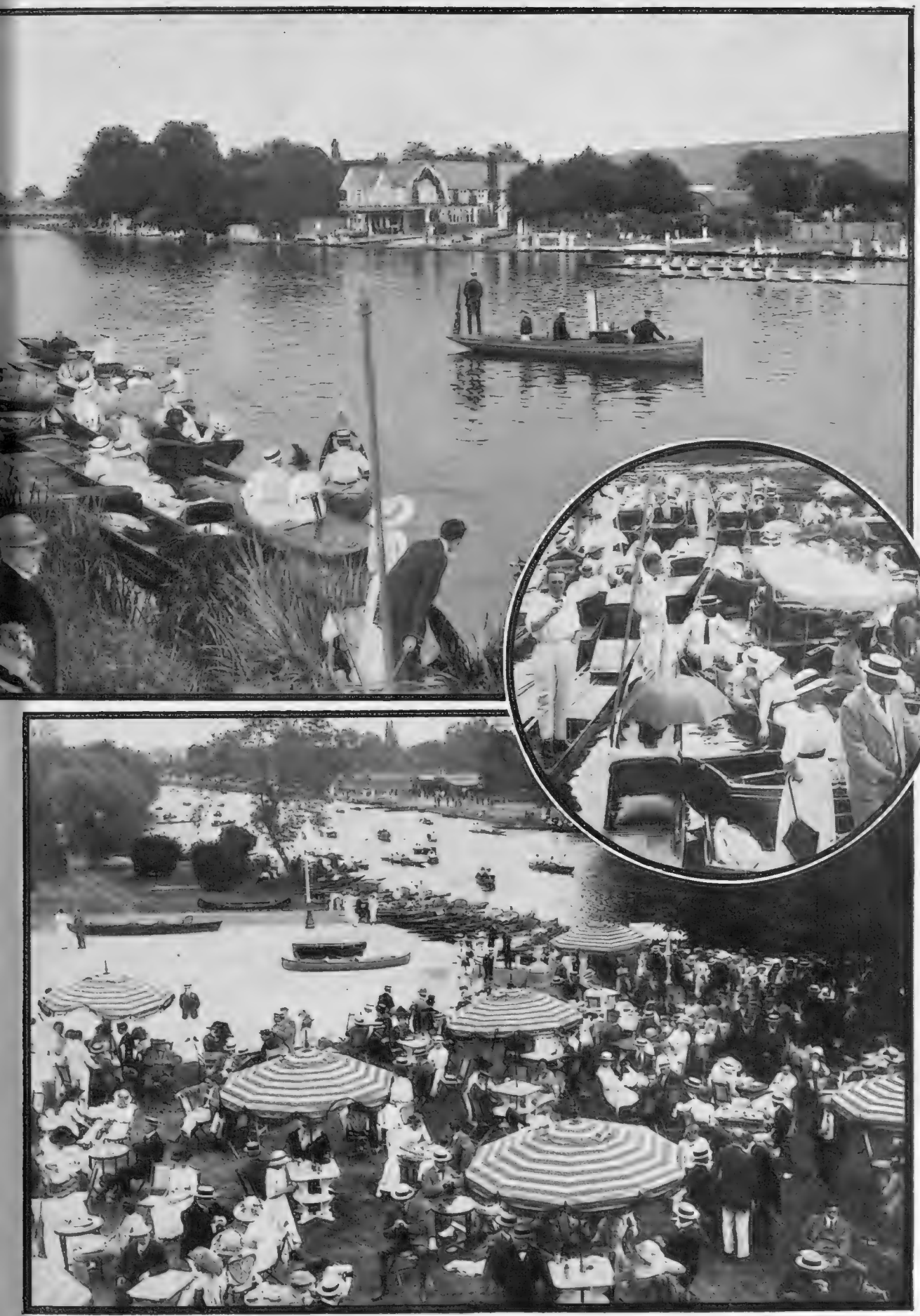
The Ava-launch

Then there is the ava-launch. This is quite distinct f the ordinary and now *démodé* launch, whose prog was comparatively modest and unobtrusive. The launch is also natty and noticeable; it sweeps along middle of the river with a fine swirl, causing great plea to the other boats, which thus obtain all the motion o sea without the trouble of the voyage, and without unpleasant salt taste when, as occasionally happens, suffer a miniature wreck from the billows which follow the ava-launch's wake. In the ava-launch is someti to be seen the riverette, but more commonly a purely ur crew, more or less straight from London.



TAGG'S ISLAND, NEAR HAMPTON COURT

Which has recently been turned into a pleasure garden by the well-known music-hall artist, Mr. Fred Karno. It was opened a week ago, on Ascot Sunday, and the photograph shows visitors taking tea on the lawn. The accommodation includes a hotel, a stage with an indoors or outdoors auditorium, and extensive lawns

The Mixture As Before

OF SPORT AND MERRIMENT, EFFORT AND IDLENESS, KNOWN AS HENLEY REGATTA

Photograph *Sport and General*

To-day sees the opening of Henley Regatta, and despite the fact that the racing promises to be of serious interest, with thirty-five eight-oared crews at work, London is likely to amuse itself in the usual delightful Henley way—weather always permitting

The Serious Side

OF HENLEY REGATTA: SOME COMPETING CREWS AND SCULLERS

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE LEANDER EIGHT

Who are competing for the Grand Challenge Cup, stroked by G. E. Tower, the Cambridge Blue.

Photograph *Topica.*

C. McVILLY

Of the Derwent Rowing Club, Tasmania, the famous Australian sculler, who will compete for the Diamond Sculls

Photograph *Sport and General*

FIRST TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE

Who will compete for the Ladies' Plate

Photograph *Topical*

THE ARGONAUT EIGHT

From Toronto, Canada, who will make a great effort to carry off the Grand Challenge Cup

Photograph *Sport and General*

E. B. BUTLER

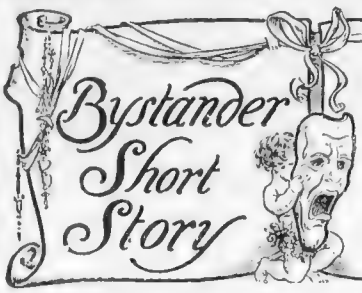
Of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Canada's representative for the Diamond Sculls

Photograph *Sport and General*

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

Stroked by R. C. Bourne; New College is Head of the River at Oxford, and should put up a very good fight for the Grand Challenge Cup

The rowing at Henley this year promises to be more interesting than ever. True, the Belgians are not over, but France and Canada are both represented for the Grand Challenge Cup, two German fours are in for the Stewards Cup, while Canada, Germany, Russia, Australia, France, and Italy, are all represented in the competition for the Diamond Sculls. Above we reproduce photographs of crews and scullers who are expected to do well in their various events



THE AFFAIRE OF THE FRENCH SAVANT

By W. M. O'Kinealy

IT was natural she should be entangled with a French *savant;* she would have been entangled with every biologist, zoologist, and other sort of learned bug in Europe—if she had had time.

The curtain was rung up in Paris, in the Salon des Livres Exposés, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, a setting by no means without picturesqueness and charm.

An elderly man is discovered nodding over an illuminated manuscript in one of the cases. A woman enters, except to the virtuoso exactly like a hundred other women. Leaning her elbows on the opposite side of the case, she gazed at her *vis-à-vis*. The custodian was talking to his fellow in an adjoining room, or this story might never have been written.

Now, the wisdom of life consists very largely in being awake only when being awake is absolutely necessary, and letting sleep have her way with you at all other times. And the elderly gentleman being a distinguished French *savant,* must have known this; moreover, his erudition having brought him fame throughout the civilised world, it is possible he was also aware of the fact that to sleep is, perchance, to dream. What he had not taken into account, however, was the possibility that he might dream aloud.

"Is it better to have wisdom, or be irresistible with the ladies? Which is better, a young and pretty woman or a mature woman of experience?" You will admit it was a bit of a bomb-shell, and would have shaken an older hand, but the lady on the other side of the case never turned a hair.

"I *beg* your pardon!"

"Is it better to have wisdom or be irresistible with the ladies? Which is better. . . ." Then he began to wake up, and caught the laughter in the eyes opposite.

"I beg your pardon, madame. I trust I have said nothing—er—profane."

And very carefully and slowly, as if repeating a lesson, she told him in the exact words what he had said.

He apologised in a courteous, leisurely fashion, as only a cultured Latin can apologise. But he had certainly been dreaming. He would, with madame's permission, explain. All the afternoon he had been endeavouring to recall a certain spiritual axiom, emanating from one of the most illustrious Fathers of the Church, to be exact, the words with which S. Jerome had confounded the misguided Vigilantus, and which, alas! he had totally forgotten; and it was this, indeed, that should have come to him, rather than ribaldry, such as in mediæval times crazy knights and half-witted poets propounded at Courts of Love. But it was true that in conceiving the life of one of these patriarchs of the desert his imagination had dwelt on the fact of how strange it seemed that for one man to love a woman was a mortal sin, while for another *not* to love a woman was a sin equally heinous. It had also, indeed, occurred to him that there must have been at times as much ado among the students of the Breviary of Love to discover a woman worthy of their adoration, as among austere and pious persons to abstain from any intercourse with the sex whatsoever. He trusted he had made himself clear.

But quite. The lady paused a moment, then added thoughtfully: "She must have been a very clever woman."

"I beg your pardon, madame, but to whom do you refer?"

"To the woman that S. Jerome fled into the desert to escape—and where, of course, he was pursued by dreams of her far more alluring than any reality could possibly have been. I hope he was properly grateful."

"But, my dear lady, S. Jerome was not . . ."

"Of course not. But don't you think she must have been rather clever? But perhaps it was the times. In the days when a woman was a mortal sin her empire was real indeed. Imagine it, monsieur, when she really *had* scruples! What a weapon!" The speaker sighed audibly.

"A weapon! But I do not follow you, madame."

"Sometimes, monsieur, to defend is the better attack."

"The devil!"

Then, catching sight of a dimple playing near her mouth, he laughed outright—and he hadn't laughed like that for twenty years. Recovering himself he bowed ceremoniously.

"Then I shall dine to-night with the most virtuous woman in Paris."

And now the lady smiled; she could afford to do so—the most difficult, the most exclusive misogynist in Paris was tickled, amused—the rest was easy. And, of course, she did not dine with him that evening; all he got was a vague promise that he might see her some afternoon in the Luxembourg Gardens, and after wandering about them for several days, and all hope of meeting her again had nearly left him, she came. They sat on a bench with the spring sunshine dancing all about them, and she began to talk to him. And, somehow, he forgot to notice that she was not really pretty, nor remarkably young; as I said, she commenced to talk, and it seemed to Monsieur le Savant that he had never heard a woman's voice before. She led him away to a little country of legend and dream and wonder. She told him, as she had told so many others, of her villa by the sea in Italy, of the mystery of night in that wonderful scented garden, the whispering silence, the soft, sad murmur of the sea, the haunting perfume of olea fragrans.

(All rights strictly reserved)

And as Monsieur le Savant listened, the cynical lines round his mouth softened, and the net-work of wrinkles about his eyes seemed almost to disappear; he looked ten years younger.

Day after day they sat together on the same bench, at the same hour, for all the world like some art student and his *chère amie,* and day after day she weaved pictures for him of her garden by the sea in Italy. He grew to know every inch of it, the spot became one of dear familiarity; but it was always of night in that wonderful garden that he loved most to hear—the moon rising over the lawn—the haunting perfume of olea fragrans—the dark corner where two people sat. And slowly and gradually these two people came to mean their two selves. When this wonder came to pass Monsieur le Savant became so divinely simple, so humble, so modest, and in the depths of his great heart he uttered words that no one had ever heard pass his lips—he thanked God.

And day by day she continued to draw delicate little pictures of their life together in that enchanted spot, and day by day they became more tender, more exquisite, more alluring; and Monsieur le Savant listened till his heart nearly broke with longing. And then—when he could bear it no longer, she told him the last story. It was of an evening when they had dinner at a little restaurant *châlet* near by, with the mystery of night rising out of the trees, and a row back over the rose and violet water to the scented garden—where they would be alone. They looked at one another and trembled. It had come. To-morrow they would leave for Italy.

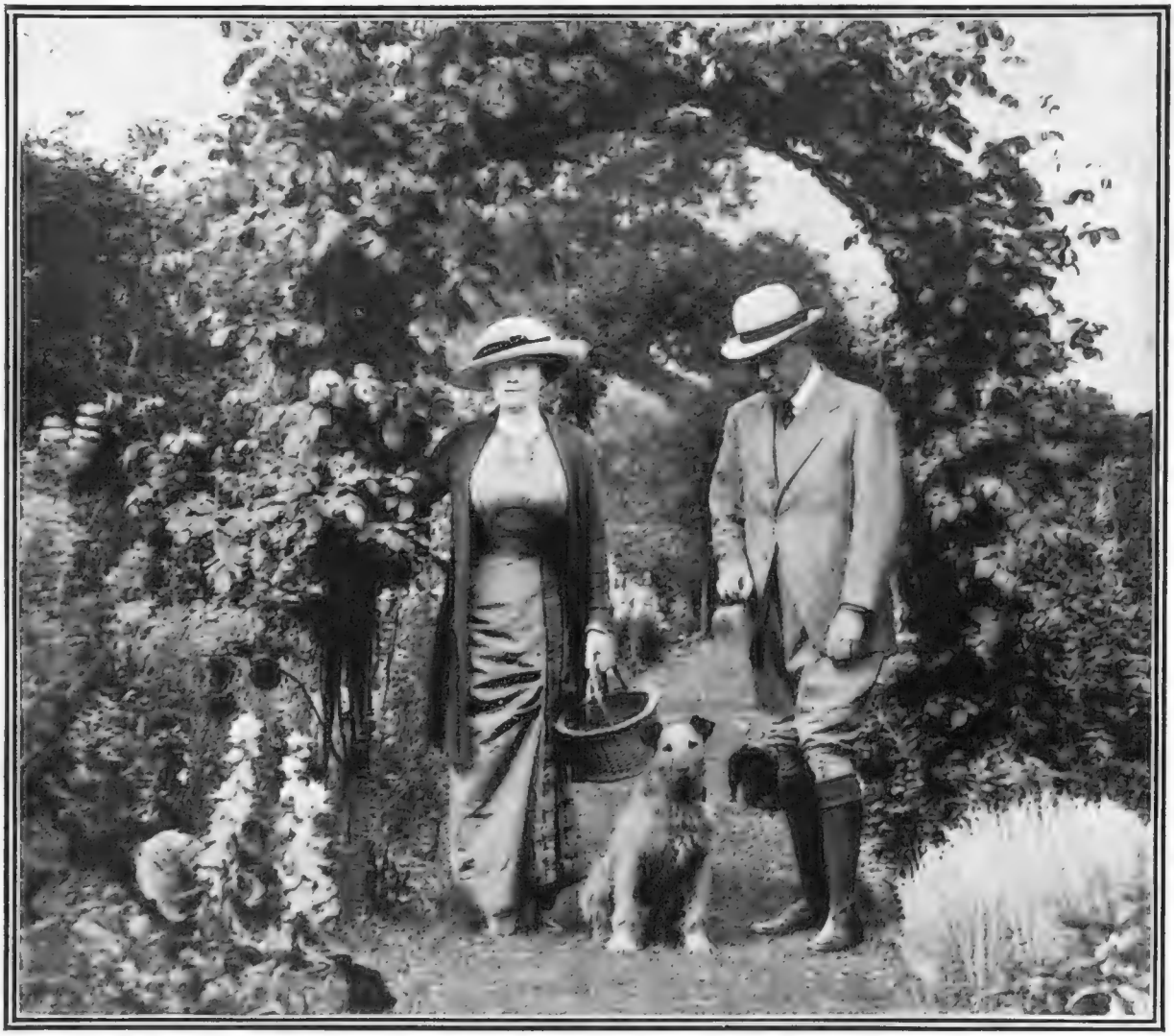
. . . . . .

Many afternoons Monsieur le Savant sat alone on the same bench, at the same hour, waiting, praying; but she never returned. And little by little this is what he made of it. It was all a mirage, an illusion. There was no villa in Italy, there was no wonderful, enchanted garden, there was only a plain little woman with a nice voice and a marvellous understanding of the spiritual needs of man. And slowly he learned to know the priceless thing she had given him—a dream that would haunt him for the rest of his life—the dream of a garden by the sea in Italy—a woman's voice—and always, always, the scent of olea fragrans.

And it had only cost him his 'bus fares to the Luxembourg Gardens.

W. M. O'KINEALY

In Their Hertfordshire Garden



Photograph] SIR GEORGE AND LADY ALEXANDER [*Wynford Swinburne*

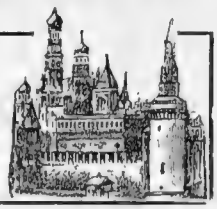
Taking a stroll in the garden at Tollgate Cottage, Chorley Wood. Sir George is building in the same district a new house, which will shortly be completed

Our Own Cubist at Earl's Court

Our Cubist artist, Mr. Alick Ritchie, offers above his impressions of a visit to the Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court. The figures of well-known personages are, of course, used symbolically, as illustrating the state of the artist's mind (which is being inquired into)

In the Heart of Russia

"THE BYSTANDER" AT THE MOSCOW FÊTES



Canonizations

For the last three weeks Moscow has been giving abundant proof of the truth of her favourite dictum that she is the very heart of Russia. Fêtes, canonization of saints, Whitsuntide holidays, and Imperial visits are enough to upset the heart, not to say the digestion, of any city. The canonization of the Russian patriarch Hermogen attracted many pilgrims to Moscow. A vast army of them, blind, deaf, dumb, palsied, and paralysed, camped out on the Kremlin square, and, waiting there patiently, hoped that faith, assisted by the new saint, would work a miraculous cure of their various ailments.

The Romanoff Tercentenary

Last Monday saw the completion of the Imperial tour in connection with the tercentenary celebrations of the Romanoff dynasty. The Tsar followed the route of Michael Feodorovitch, the first Romanoff, and visited all the principal towns from Kostrowa to Moscow. For a whole week he has been attending church services—always the chief item in any Russian fête, listening to speeches, holding receptions, and taking part in processions.

Russian Fatalism

The procession through Moscow was a wonderful sight. The bright, scarlet uniforms of the Cossack Guards were the centre of admiration among the poorer sections of the crowd. But what struck everyone most—foreigner and Russian alike—was the open manner in which the Emperor showed himself to his people. When he was in Moscow last year, he is said to have expressed his dissatisfaction at not being able to see the people owing to the great masses of troops on both sides of the highway. On this occasion there were troops on one side only, and the Emperor made his State entry into the Kremlin on horse-back, riding at a walking pace and absolutely unattended and unguarded. During the procession a Russian friend of mine, who is an ardent supporter of the Government, turned to me and said: "Look at that. There is courage if you like." I replied that our King was in the habit of moving among his subjects in an even less protected manner, to which my friend replied gravely: "Your King is not a real King. To be a King one must know what danger is." And, in truth, in the light of past history, such a ride must have demanded considerable nerve and courage. But, then, the Tsar is a Russian, and all Russians are more or less fatalists.

Suspended Traffic

It must be admitted, however, that the danger was more apparent than real. Throughout the crowd were interspersed some thousands of secret police, and for some weeks before the Emperor's arrival the authorities had carefully weeded out and removed all undesirable characters to a place of safe keeping! As an example of the elaborate precautions that are taken one may mention that when Nijni was visited all traffic on the Volga was suspended for seven days. The loss to traders bringing goods to the Fair is estimated at several thousands of pounds.

A Pathetic Figure

As befits a town which must rank as one of the richest in Europe, the decorations and illuminations were on an extravagant scale. The nature of the celebrations gave rise in everyone's breast to the thought: Who will be the next Romanoff? The most pathetic figure of the tercentenary celebrations was the youngest scion of the Romanoff house. Clad in his white sailor suit, with his intelligent, rather sad little eyes taking a keen interest in everything, the young Tsarevitch aroused the sympathetic cheers of the people wherever he went. When he was not driving, he was carried by a large Cossack or by his famous sailor orderly. The powers that be have, apparently, given up all attempts to conceal the serious nature of his illness. There is no Russian, whatever be his political opinions, who would not give his right hand to see the Tsarevitch restored to health.

Notable Events

There were several important events in connection with the Moscow fêtes which will serve to make them memorable. One was the Emperor's telegram to the Balkan Allies, offering himself as arbitrator in their inter-state quarrels. Then there was the fire in the arsenal of the Kremlin, which gave rise to all kinds of unfounded rumours. The truth is never likely to be known, and, as the fire had no very serious results, the wise man will keep his opinions to himself. Lastly, there was a sinister rumour about a petition of the nobles to the Emperor, requesting him to dissolve the Duma. This latter body has been passing through a severe crisis, and at present there is a deadlock between it and the Council of Ministers. There are also widespread reports about its dissolution, and also about the imminent resignation of the Premier, M. Kokovtsoff.

An Unfounded Report

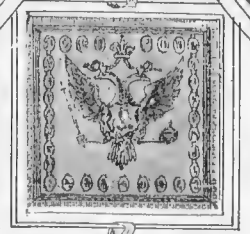
There have been several reports lately in the Russian papers, which have been repeated in some English journals, notably in the *Daily Mail*, about the destitute condition of General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur. The reports ran that the General had fallen on evil days, that he was paralysed, and had almost lost the power of speech, and, further, that he was without a penny, and had been compelled to accept the charity of a former adjutant who had offered to shelter and maintain him for the rest of his life. It is a pleasure to be able to correct this "canard." Stoessel is now an old man, and not unnaturally shows all the weakness of old age. It is absurd, however, to state that he is suffering from any severe illness. The story of his destitution is without any foundation. He receives a pension of 5000 Rs. a year. His wife is the daughter of a famous Moscow tea merchant, and has an income of her own. The tale probably originated in the fact that Stoessel has just accepted an invitation from his former adjutant to pass a couple of months on the latter's estate in South Russia. JEAN D'AUVERGNE

The Tsar and Tsarevitch

THEIR JUBILEE PHOTOGRAPHS

TSAR NICOLAS II.

A Special Portrait recently taken on the occasion of the Romanoff Tercentenary Celebrations, when the Tsar, accompanied by the Tsaritsa, the Tsarevitch, and his daughters, made a tour of his Russian Dominions



The Young Heir to the Throne of All the Russias, who will be nine years old on July 30 this year. During the recent Jubilee Tour, when not being driven in a carriage, he was carried about by a big Cossack, and made a pathetic little figure, for it is no secret that the Tsar's only son is practically an invalid

THE TSAREVITCH

The Sort of Stroke

THAT HELPED AMERICA TO BEAT ENGLAND AT POLO

MR. LARRY WATERBURY, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN POLO PLAYER,
Is here seen executing one of those reckless drives that did so much to win for America the International Polo Cup. It should be noted that both his shoulders are swung to the right of the horse's head, and the enormous "swing" thus attained is most effective. The photograph was taken in the second game against England, which America won by a quarter goal

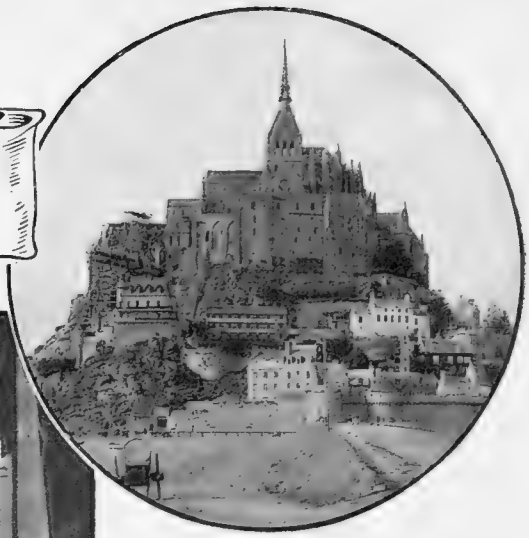
HOLIDAYS in BRITTANY

BY THE "TRAVELLER"

Photographs *Joel*

THROUGH THE CHÂTELET ARCH

A view of the Island of Tombelaine, from Mont St. Michel, with Avranches in the distance



THE TOURISTS' MECCA

Mont St. Michel, as seen from the Digue

Off the Beaten Track

Thanks largely to the South-Western Railway, who run such an excellent service of boats between Southampton and St. Malo, Brittany has become quite an important "tourist centre" within recent years, and it would gain considerably in importance were the French Government Railway to prove as enterprising as its English *confrère*. As it is, to "do" Brittany well is a somewhat tedious business if one depends upon the railway line; indeed, I know few districts within easy reach of England that require more urgently to be toured by motor-car. For, to my mind, the chief charm of Brittany lies in those parts that are well off the beaten track. It is there that you still find the real Breton who has not yet abandoned his picturesque costume, his devotion to his religion, and his intensely interesting fêtes and *pardons*. Without a car the traveller who would see Brittany in its most fascinating form must be possessed of no little patience and a capacity for roughing it. Without either of these he had far better stop at home.

At Dinard

Dinard, St. Malo, Paramé, St. Servan, and even Dinan, Breton towns though they be, have nothing really Breton about them. Dinard, of course, is an essentially smart watering-place, where the women change their frocks at least three times a day, and where it is quite unfashionable to go to bed until the small hours. The Casino, managed by Mr. Henry Ruhl, who also runs the Royal Hotel, is, of course, the centre of Dinard's social life. Here "everyone" meets, and it is really often a very smart crowd that you will find lounging on its terrace or dancing in its ballroom. France and America supply the smartest element, and the frocks and jewellery, to say nothing of the hats on a gala night, give the fashion correspondent no end of material for copy. Dancing is the ruling passion of Dinard. They even dance before lunch, while no "tea" is considered a success that does not end up with a *sauterie*, and every *entr'acte* is seized upon as yet another opportunity for a waltz. The *cotillons* are generally led by M. André de Fouquinière—the "*cotillon* king," as he has been called—and are a great feature of the season's programme at the Casino. Mrs. Hughes-Hallett gives a series of dances at her Villa Monplaisir, which is generally packed to suffocation on these occasions, for you are not "in the Dinard swim" at all if you are not on the "Queen's" invitation list, and dances are often given at the Royal and by other villa residents.

Casino Profits

Baccara is, of course, a big attraction, and the play is sometimes very high indeed. The town, I am told, managed to get the Casino to hand them over £5,000 at the end of last season out of the takings of the *cagnotte*, and with this sum the municipality has been enabled to carry out several much-needed improvements. In the old days Dinard was an ill-paved, badly lighted, rather dirty town, but it is now rapidly becoming quite a model resort.

Good Golf

St. Malo is best described as the Margate of Brittany. It is a quaint, interesting, rather smelly old place, with no pretensions to smartness. Paramé is an essentially family *plage* with a nice little casino and capital bathing, and St. Servan can really scarcely claim to be a summer resort at all. A nice little *plage* is St. Lunaire, quite close to Dinard, and within easy reach of the Dinard Golf Club at St. Briac, a course which can truly boast of being one of the best in France. The links have been enormously improved of recent years, and now boast a comfortable golf hotel in place of the former establishment, which scarcely included comfort among its attractions.

(*Continued on page 38*)

On a Stern and Rock-Bound Coast

TWO CONTEMPLATIVE STUDIES OF NORTH WELSH SCENERY

PORTH NIGEL
Or "Hell's Mouth," off the Carnarvonshire Coast

Photographs CARDIGAN BAY *Astington*
Seen from the Cliffs overlooking Llanbedrog, Carnarvonshire

Three Peaceful Views

OF A PEACEFUL WELSH SEASIDE VILLAGE—LLANBEDROG

THE BEACH AND BATHING TENTS AT LLANBEDROG, SEEN FROM THE CLIFFS ABOVE THE VILLAGE

THE BAY

THE CHURCH

Photographs *Astington*

For those who love the quiet restfulness of a small Welsh village by the sea there is no better place than Llanbedrog. Through coaches are run by the London and North Western Railway from Euston to Pwllheli, and thence Llanbedrog is easily reached by motor omnibus or horse conveyance

HOLIDAYS IN BRITTANY (continued)

An Excellent Centre

Dinan is a pretty old inland town within easy reach of St. Malo and Dinard. It once boasted quite a big English colony, but that has now dwindled down to the smallest proportions. As an excursion centre Dinan has claims to attention, but it is not a place to linger in long during the summer months, the climate being rather relaxing. However, it is well worth a visit, owns one or two good and cheap hotels, and one can get "anywhere" from it.

Lower Brittany

To get anything like into Brittany proper one must travel beyond Guingamp, where one catches one's first sight of Breton costumes, though one must go much farther afield than that to see the Breton at his best and most picturesque. An excellent guide to be consulted by those who contemplate a tour in Brittany is Boutin's English guide. You can get it by sending a shilling to M. Jules Boutin, Banker, Dinard. The South-Western Railway also issue a useful little guide full of practical information. I hope before long to have space to write at some length about the attractions of Lower Brittany—one of the few districts close to England as yet unspoiled.

Answers to Queries

Mlle. S. R.—Write to Madame Charlet au Chalet Bleu, Carolles-Plage. I can recommend the Hotel Normandy at Granville.

L. P.—The Windsor Hotel at Dinard is good and cheap. The Hotel des Terrasses can also be recommended, but it is more expensive.

Golfer.—Étretat might suit you. The Golf Hotel can be well recommended.

B. W.—See last week's article on Dieppe.

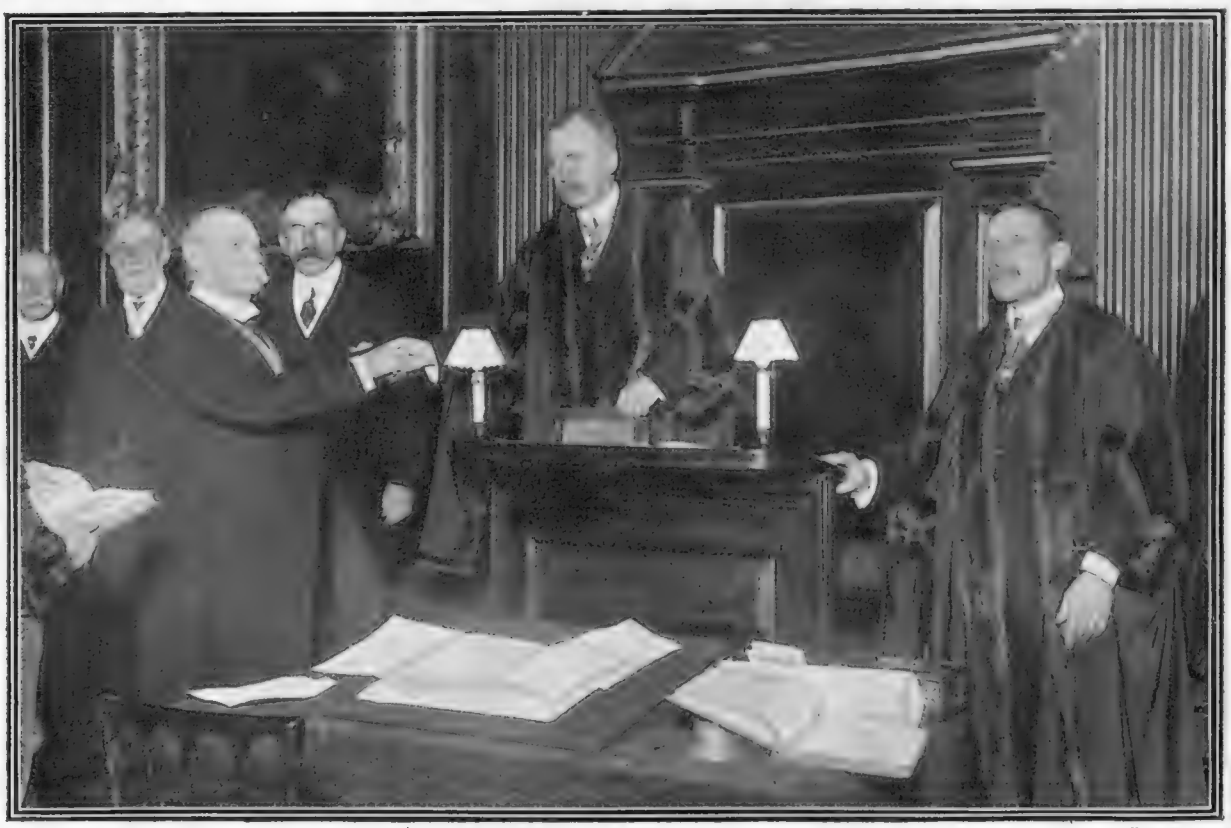
The Traveller

The Delights of Chamonix

Chamonix is filling up, but although the hotels will not be fully occupied for another month, there are many who prefer to stay there now, when the fields are ablaze with wild flowers and one can make the mountain excursions in comparative solitude. The ascents of Mount Blanc have commenced and through the large telescopes in the garden of the hotel one can watch the parties leaving the Grand Mulets, where they had spent the night, and finally reaching the summit. A group of five, a visitor to Chamonix accompanied by four guides, was as clearly visible in the snow as though they were on the top of Primrose Hill. We could even notice that one of the figures was evidently very tired, and lifted his feet wearily through the snow. The aerial railway which is being constructed up the Aiguille du Midi, one of the peaks of the Mont Blanc range, is nearing completion, although the work will be more difficult as the peak's highest point is approached; while the railway up Mont Blanc is already completed from Le Fayet as far as the Glacier de Bionnassay, an altitude of some 7,872 feet. Two more enormous hotels are in course of construction in Chamonix, and will be opened next season.

"The Traveller" will always be glad to give unbiassed information regarding any matter relating to travel. Queries should be addressed to "The Traveller," c-o The Bystander, *Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C. If a reply by post be required a stamp should be enclosed to cover postage.*

A New Recipient of Civic Honours



Photograph *Barratt*

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD GRENFELL

President of the Royal Horticultural Society receiving the Honorary Freedom of the Gardeners' Company from the Master, Mr. G. Rowland Blades

EDINBURGH: The British Athens

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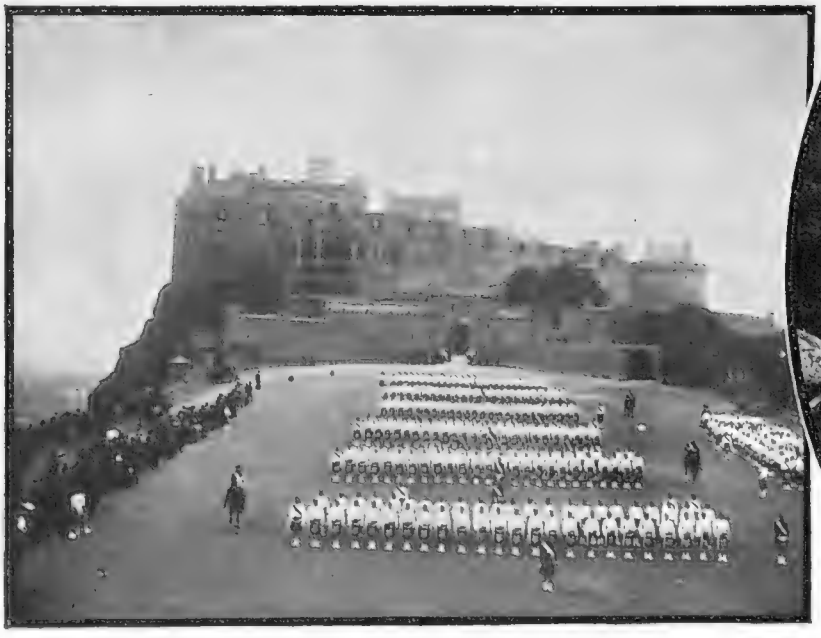
LOCH LOMOND ISLANDS, FROM LUSS QUARRIES



Photographs

THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT EDINBURGH CASTLE

Photochrom Co.

INVERSNAID FALLS, LOCH LOMOND

Lady Shelley's Diary

Frances Lady Shelley must have been a very remarkable woman. When last year her grandson, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, published the earlier portion of her diary it was seen that in addition to "going everywhere and knowing everybody," she was a well-read, discriminating, lovable lady who wielded an easy pen—quite the right kind of person, in fact, to keep a diary. Now comes the second volume—*The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley*, 1818-1873 (Murray: 10*s.* 6*d.* net)—and it is of even greater interest than the first.

Wellington

The protagonist is the Duke of Wellington. He is foremost among Lady Shelley's correspondents, her hero, her husband's pupil, for Sir John taught him to shoot pheasants, and her stern critic at the time of her indiscretion in the matter of a letter to Sir John Burgoyne. We see the great man in a charmingly domestic light. At the opening of this portion of the diary we gather that when the Duke was out shooting, the only place of safety for other people was the square yard immediately behind him, and Lady Shelley showed her wit when on one occasion her distinguished guest shot a farmer's widow in the arm. The widow was just about to scream, but Lady Shelley pointed out how great, how unique an honour it was for her to have been shot by the victor of Waterloo. And so indeed it was! The Duke's letters are affectionate in tone until that sudden and dramatic break. Henceforth for "Your ever affectionate" is substituted the formal "Your Ladyship's obedient servant." The chapter dealing with the incident of the Burgoyne letter is, perhaps, the most interesting of all.

Photograph *Hemmins*

MISS MURIEL HINE

(Mrs. Sidney Coxon) who is known to our readers as a contributor of short stories to "The Bystander," and whose latest novel, "April Panhasard" (Lane, 6s.), is reviewed on this page

Walter Scott

But others besides Wellington come into Lady Shelley's canvas. She stayed more than once with Walter Scott, and on one occasion told him that in her opinion the then anonymous author of the Waverley novels had never yet drawn a really satisfactory heroine. Scott's wife she considered to be the greatest bore in Europe, and no doubt a number of other people agreed with her. Lord Brougham took her into the ventilator of the House of Commons to hear a debate, and in those far-off days very few ladies, whether Suffragettic or not, thought of going into a ventilator—even at the House of Commons. Altogether it is a most interesting book, and Mr. Edgcumbe, as might have been expected, makes an admirable editor. There is, by the way, a portrait of Wellington as frontispiece which will be unknown to most readers.

A Faithful Record

My Father's Son (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), by John Harvey, is called on the title-page a faithful record, and a faithful record it certainly is, the not over-eventful record of a young man of the middle-classes who is clever enough to get a scholarship at Oxford, but not clever enough to keep out of debt. Indeed, much of the book is filled by a detailed account of his various financial transactions. It may be uneventful, but it is mightily interesting: it is full of live people. You feel all the time that this young Willy Penn of the book is speaking the truth about himself as very few people will speak the truth about themselves. He tells you quite simply how he was obliged to invent a bicycle acident to explain the non-appearance of his machine. In point of fact he had sold it. Little deceptions, he finds, are constantly necessary. Debts grow. His home becomes hateful to him. Of course it does, his father is the ordinary man of business, who knows nothing of Oxford or Oxford thought. (Perhaps Willy Penn should never have been sent to Oxford.) Indeed, the whole book is ordinary, but it is ordinary truth, and as such to be warmly recommended. You will want to read every word of it, and after you have heard of the several steps which ultimately led to Willy Penn's flight from England, you will ask yourself whether that initial find of a sovereign in the road was really the cause of most of his worries. If this is a first novel, it is a very good beginning.

"April Panhasard"

April Panhasard (Lane: 6*s.*), Mrs. Sidney Coxon's new book, is the pleasantly told story of a peeress whose husband's habits are—regrettable. Indeed, there is a divorce and the lady's "disappearance." April Panhasard is the name she adopts at the time, and in the tiny village, chosen chancewise from an A.B.C., adventures come to her, adventures and love. The story opens with April's purchase of a new wedding ring at that nice shop opposite the Ritz Hotel, and it ends in much the same way. Mrs. Coxon can be relied on to tell a good story. In her new book she is, perhaps, too lavish with her plot. The pathetic story of the Bo'sun has really nothing whatever to do with April herself, and might well have been used for a novel by itself. There is no doubt, however, that like *Earth* and *Half in Earnest*, *April Panhasard* will find many readers not only in this country, but in America, which is where her hero comes from.

RALPH STRAUS

INNOVATION TRADE-MARK TRUNKS

The Innovation Agency are the originators of the pendant or hanging principle in the transit of clothes, and the Trade Mark word, "Innovation," which appears on all Innovation Trunks, guarantees the genuine article.

For all particulars of the Innovation Trunks write for the New Booklet No. 26

Outside measurements, 39 in. by 13 in. by 21 in

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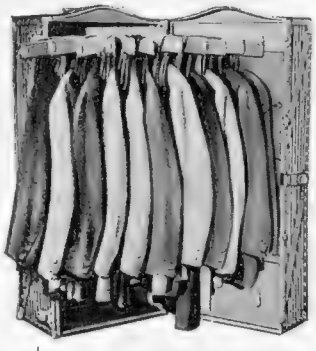
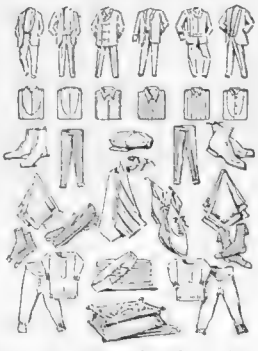
THIS gives an idea of the complete and ample wardrobe which can be carried in an Innovation Trunk, and kept in perfect order. Thus a lady can take with her every kind of garment—smart street gown, evening gown, dressing and morning gowns, blouses, lingerie, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, hats, also jewellery, toilet fittings, and every other detail of dress. When away from home there is absolutely no unpacking to be done.



For Gentlemen



GENTLEMEN will find that the Innovation Trunk is a caretaker as well as a carrier of clothes. The correct hang of coats and the *proper* crease in the trousers are carefui y preserved by the Innovation System of hanging. Every item of clothing can be carried—lounge suits, dress suits, sports clothes, shirts, pyjamas, underclothing, boots, slippers, ties, gloves, collars, and every other necessity of dress. When away from home there is absolutely no unpacking to be done.

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"The Pines"

From the Poem "The Pines," by James Elroy Flecker

But I will walk upon the wooded hill
Where stands a grove O pines! of sister pines,
And when the downy twilight droops her wing,
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines,
My heart shall listen still.
For pines are gossip, pines the wide world through,
And full of runic tales to sigh and sing.

Quoted by kind permission from "The Nation"

GOLF: The Open Championship

BY ERNEST LEHMANN

J. H. TAYLOR

The winner of the Open Championship at Hoylake. Taylor had not won this "blue ribbon" in golf for three years until this year, which is the fifth occasion on which he has been Open Champion

The Renascence of "J. H."

After three years of struggle and partial neglect, a great player has come back to his kingdom. In other words, Taylor has returned and regained his lost crown. It has been a most dramatic return from exile. Ever since a severe taxicab accident, in which both his wrists were damaged, Taylor has been struggling to recover his lost mastery of his mashie—the weapon by means of which he had won most of his victories. First, a tendency to "shank" his approaches appeared, which speedily developed into a virulent disease, baffling even such a dogged and unconquered soul as "J. H." Then, when this insidious virus had at length been expelled from the system, a natural "sequela" manifested itself in the opposite fault of pulling with the mashie. A good rest was imperatively indicated, and the circumstances of the case happily imposed this rest on Taylor, more or less, ever since the Championship of last year.

Weighing Chances

When the chances of the various competitors were being weighed, most judges left Taylor out of consideration, as being a somewhat unknown quantity, if not a spent force. In THE BYSTANDER of May 28th I said that if Taylor had recovered his mastery of the mashie and once got into a winning position he would not relax his grip of it. This is exactly what happened last week. Taylor was armed *cap à pie*, and after his third round held on like grim death to his advantage, once the cheering news was brought him, in the middle of his last round, that Ray, his only dangerous opponent, had come to grief in his early holes.

Photographs *Sport and General*

E. RAY

The runner-up to Taylor in the Championship Competition at Hoylake. He was the winner last year

The Severe Hoylake Test

The weather at Hoylake—which, but for that on the first qualifying day, had been on its best behaviour all the previous week—was horrible on the two championship days, and on the second day furnished as severe a test as any mortal golfer could be subjected to. Hoylake, with the wind in the west, is at its sternest; make that wind half a gale, and accompany it with pitiless and driving rain, and you have an almost inhuman trial of a player's resources. Under the milder conditions of the first day, Ray kept his position and led Taylor, the next man, by one stroke. But there was only one man in it in the duel in the wind and rain of the next day. Taylor, with his clean hitting, his solid stance, and his firm-set body action, seemed to revel in the storm, keeping the ball low in his long game, and hitting it a tremendous way. His cleek shots at the third and sixth holes, in his second round of the first day, each enabling him to hole in his next, and get these difficult holes in four and three, respectively, and his wonderful pitch at the fourteenth hole in his final round—which actually holed the ball from a distance of over fifty yards—will long live in my memory as examples of a great master at his best.

Ray's Failure

Ray—who played up to his great reputation on the first day—failed lamentably on the final day. It was evident that the strain of his strenuous career of exhibition matches and the recent pitched battle with Duncan had been too much even for his solid nerve and great physical powers. Both during the qualifying stages and in the crisis of the furious elements of the last day it was quite evident that he was stale and ill-at-ease, and unfit to cope with the crisis confronting him.

(*To be continued.*)

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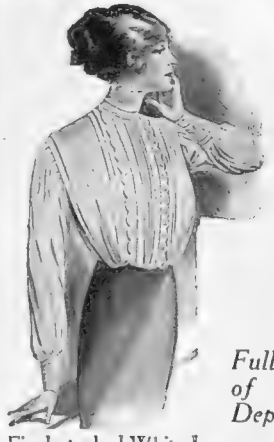

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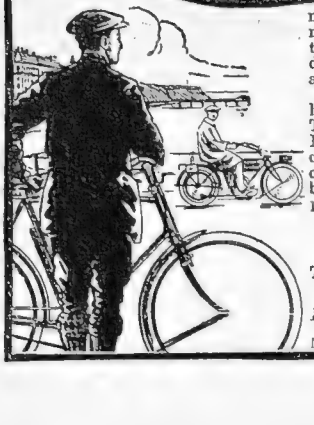

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IMPORTANT TO ALL STOUT PEOPLE.

An Entirely New Remedy.

Wonderful as it might appear, th means are known to-day to enable all people suffering from an excess of adipose tissue to become slim and graceful in appearance.

No doubt many people who have been tempted to try the many useless preparations that are advertised will scoff at this idea We assure you that this is an absolutely scientific remedy, and are going to convince you of its reliability in reducing abnormal weight and dimensions.

For a long time the secret of fat-reducing has been unknown, but at last, after many years of experimenting, we have solved the secret and found a remedy that is as easy and certain as it is lasting and harmless. In the first place we discovered that obesity was caused by a microbe which was capable of decomposing and transforming the acids of the stomach in such a way that the food which in the ordinary way goes to make blood and muscle was instead converted into fat.

Having discovered the cause, we set about finding an ingredient that would kill this microbe, well knowing that by eliminating the cause the effect would soon disappear and no longer menace the comfort and grace of the patient. After years of careful study success was attained by discovering that an extract prepared from certain marine plants was death to this particular microbe. The extract for convenience is administered in the form of pills. To these pills we have given the name of "Apollo Pills." We herewith quote one of the letters taken at random from the many thousands received.

"Sir,—If you only knew how happy I am. After trying numerous so-called cures for obesity I had given up hope when one day I noticed one of my friends who seemed to have become much thinner in a few days. Being naturally interested, I asked her the reason. She eventually confided to me the secret that she was taking Apollo Pills. In all haste I procured a box. That was a month ago, and to-day I am no more the same looking person. I have entirely regained my normal proportions. I have had to have all my wardrobe restocked with new dresses, and to-day I am able to dress as a lady of fashion should without appearing ridiculous.

"Please accept my grateful thanks.

"From MADAME L., Paris"

What the Apollo Pills have done for Madame L., her friends, and for thousands, they will do for you. It is a sure and lasting cure because the trouble can no longer exist after the cause has been removed, and the remedy is entirely harmless, being composed solely of the extractive matter resident in marine plants carefully selected. Therefore you need not remain uncomfortable on account of being too fat. besides an excess of fat is very dangerous, as many complications may arise on that account, such as fatty heart, lung, liver, and stomach complaints which might eventually become fatal.

Think awhile: if you commence taking Apollo Pills to-day, in a short time your adipose tissue caused by superfluous fat will entirely and lastingly disappear and you will gradually become thinner and ultimately regain your former figure and graceful carriage.

You will also be able to partake of any tasty morsel of food that might please your palate indiscriminately without being in any danger of its after effects, as the juices of your stomach will have regained their normal acidity.

All the joys of life will return to you.

Think of this before you refuse to try the Apollo Pills.

We have done our best to assure you of their bona fide value and harmless nature. We are happy in knowing that thousands of people have been cured of obesity by taking Apollo Pills. You have only to weigh yourself before commencing to take Apollo Pills and again eight days after to be assured of their effectiveness.

Prepared only by M. Ratie, Paris, and can be obtained in England from all chemists or stores, or post free, 6s., from Heppell and Co., Foreign Chemists, Haymarket, Strand, Piccadilly, London. Explanatory booklet sent on request.

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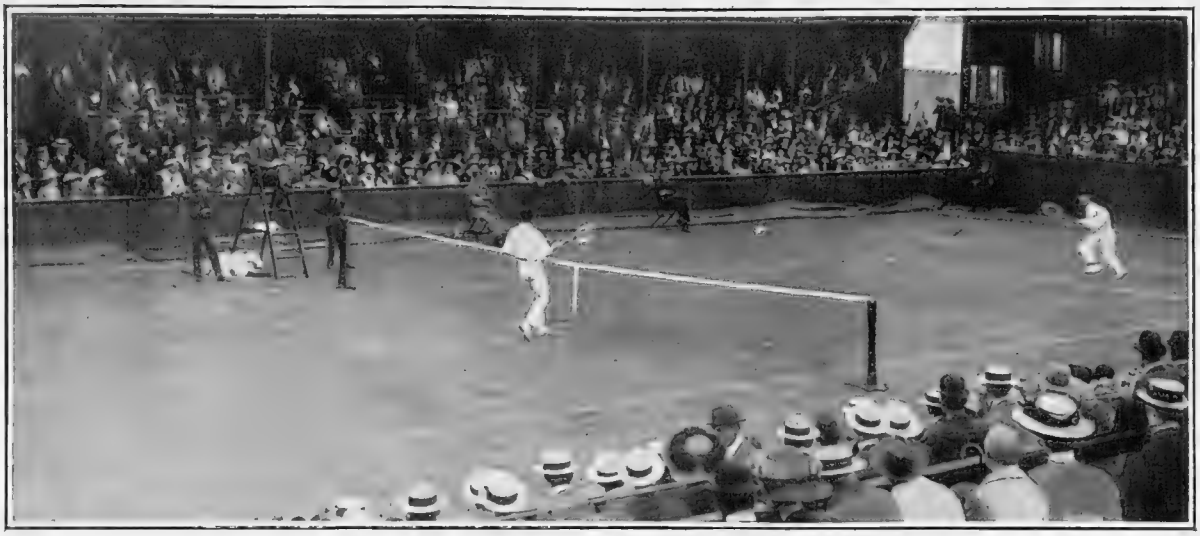

Photograph *Dixon*

THE GREAT MATCH AT WIMBLEDON BETWEEN M. E. McLOUGHLIN (at the net) AND H. ROPER BARRETT

Fated by the luck of the draw to meet in the very first round of the Championship Singles, these two great players played a match hich would have come more fittingly at the end than at the beginning of the competition. It was one of the finest exhibitions of strokes and strategy ever seen on the historic centre court, and incidentally had the effect of making McLoughlin, the winner, an ins ant favourite with the critical Wimbledon crowd

The Man of the Hour

THERE is no doubt whatever that whether he ultimately wins or loses (and it must not be forgotten that many things may happen between the day when this paragraph is written and the day when it actually appears) the man of the hour at this year's Wimbledon meeting is America's young champion, Maurice E. McLoughlin. Since the coming of the great Australian Norman Brookes in 1905 no "first appearance" of a champion from another land has excited such unbounded interest and enthusiasm; no one has come to us so indelibly stamped with the hall-mark of a great player. No one, moreover, has won his way to our hearts so quickly—quite apart from the admiration which the superb quality of his play excites—by the magnetism of an engaging personality. Though champion of one of the oldest and greatest lawn tennis playing nations, he is absolutely without "side," and though only twenty-three years of age, he has none of the airs and graces which so often mark the youthful prodigy; he is just a typical cool, collected, pleasant-tempered American, with the heart of a lion, the legs of a two-year-old and the head of an old campaigner. The Wimbledon crowd is a discriminating one, and it took to him before he had been in court for five minutes.

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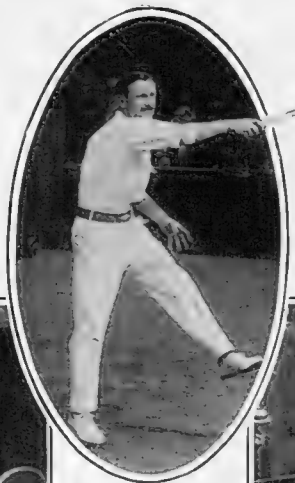

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A Classic Encounter

His first match was against an old Wimbledon favourite, Roper Barrett—and, mind you, it was no light ordeal for a man who had only landed from shipboard a couple of days before to go straight on to the centre court at Wimbledon and play Barrett "first go off"—Barrett, the brain-dazer, as he has been not inaptly termed. With this handicap to be taken into consideration opinions varied as to what the issue of the encounter would be, but no one was prepared for what actually happened—a win for the American after one of the finest matches seen anywhere in England for years. McLoughlin soon revealed himself not only as a master of all the strokes, but as a born fighter.

The Other Americans

McLoughlin has not been by any means the only American in the limelight. The other members of the American team, R. N. Williams, W. F. Johnson, and H. H. Hackett, who are over here to do battle for the Davis Cup—and who look uncommonly like winning it—have also fought with distinction either in the Singles or the Doubles. Like McLoughlin they are newcomers to this side, and, like him, they have become immediately popular. Except in personal appearance, Williams, who is America's "second string" in Singles, is very like McLoughlin. A little more dashing in his methods, he has the same repertoire of brilliant strokes, the same quality of coolness in a crisis, and withal the same engaging personality. He is young, too, and will go very far in the next few years. Johnson, like his great forerunner, Beals Wright, is an exponent of the "chop" stroke, and plays it so well as to make one wonder why "chops" do not figure more prominently in the everyday lawn tennis bill of fare. If McLoughlin and Williams are relatively "cool hands," Johnson is the incarnation of absolute imperturbability. Hackett, a Doubles specialist, who has several times held the Doubles Championship of America with F. B. Alexander, is the captain and "father" of the team, and right well does he look after them.

The Downfall of Dixon

A feature of the week has been the in-and-out form shown by many of the players and the crop of "surprise" results occasioned thereby. Perhaps the most startling of these was the defeat of Dixon by K. Powell, who good though he is, was very short of practice, and was making his first appearance of the year in tournament play. But Dixon never seems able to give of his best at Wimbledon. Then, again, W. C. Crawley, one of the most stylish of our own men, who has played very little tennis for the past two years, made an auspicious re-entry into the Championship arena by a splendid victory over F. W. Rahe, the brilliant young German.

A Batch of Surprises

After this we all thought that Crawley would go to the last eight, or even further. Not a bit of it. In the very next round he succumbed quite tamely to R. B. Powell, who, to complicate matters still more, went down almost as badly to this year's Cambridge Captain, H. Crisp. It must be some years, by the way, since either Oxford or Cambridge has had a "current" Blue in the last eight, and the other members of his team are justly proud of their skipper. The two Northerners, C. Tindell Green and R. D. Watson, both covered themselves with glory, the former by unexpectedly extinguishing W. F. Johnson, the American, and the latter by nearly beating A. W. Gore. Finally, we have the defeat in the Ladies' Singles of Mrs. Hannam, popularly supposed to be Mrs. Larcombe's most formidable rival, by Mrs. Sterry, and of Mrs. Parton by Mrs. O'Neill. Altogether it has been quite an exciting Wimbledon, and the best is probably yet to come.

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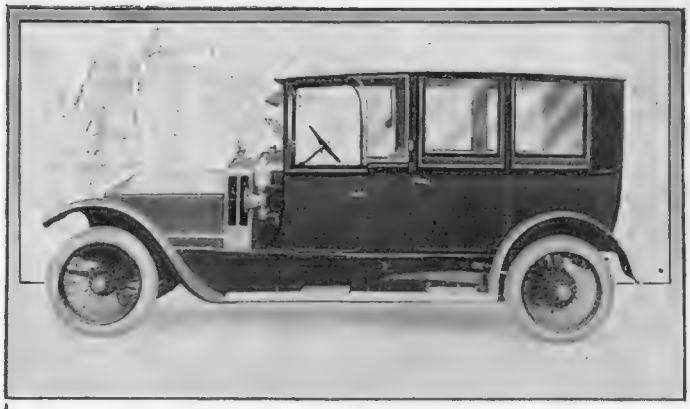

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Racing Notions: Newmarket Again. BY CARBINE

Behind the Ditch

It will be pleasant to be at Newmarket again this week. The July meetings at headquarters are almost invariably among the best fixtures of the year. The late King always delighted in racing at Newmarket in July, and King George is just as appreciative of the charms of these gatherings behind that famous landmark known throughout racing circles as The Ditch. On a hot summer's day no place is much more alluring than the plantation which borders the paddock on the July course. The horses are led beneath the shadow of the great trees, and to endeavour to estimate their respective merits amid such charming surroundings is one of the most agreeable experiences the racegoer can enjoy. There is sure to be some splendid racing during the week, for although there has been a scarcity of rain at Newmarket during the past six weeks, the July course nearly always provides splendid going.

Some Selections

One of the puzzles besetting visitors to the meeting on Wednesday will be to find the winner of the Duke of Cambridge Handicap. It will be pleasant if Dorando secures this race in the presence of the King. He is almost sure to run well, but my selection is **Santair,** whose good performances at Ascot are still fresh in memory. On Thursday we shall have the Princess of Wales's Stakes, which should prove a very interesting affair; especially if Louvois, Pilliwinkie, and Day Comet turn out in opposition. In addition we find such good horses as Catmint, Aleppo, and Lorenzo in the entry. My idea is that **Louvois** will win, but in his absence I should choose **Pilliwinkie,** with whom I was much impressed at Ascot. The Exeter Stakes on the same afternoon may be won by **Courageous.** On the fourth day **Bachelor's Wedding** may win the Ellesmere Stakes and **Red Gate** the Waterbeach Plate.

The London Cup

At the end of the week Alexandra Park will attract the usual big crowd of racegoers. The London Cup, the most important race on this course during the year, will be brought off, and looks like producing a capital contest. I shall expect the top-weight, Chili II., to run prominently. I have also considerable hopes of **Mohacz,** who was plunged on very heavily at the Windsor meeting recently, and is evidently thought much of by those connected with his stable. The money that was lost over him at Windsor will probably be recovered this week. **King Midas** should win the Islington Plate, and that very useful old sprinter, **Battleaxe,** may be found worthy of support in the July Handicap on the same day.

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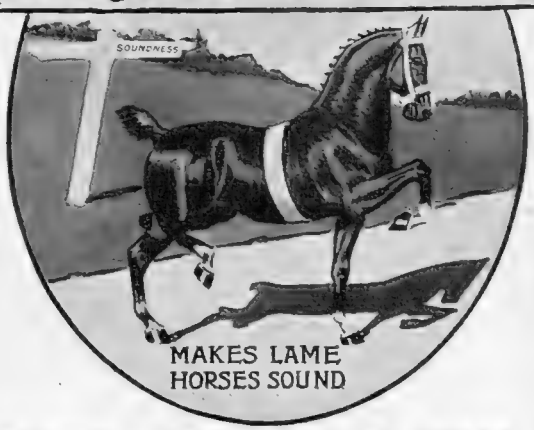

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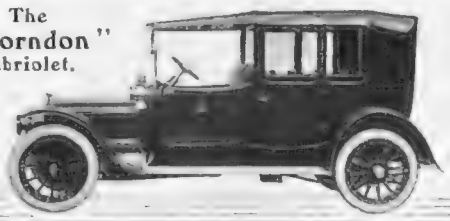

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STABLING, GARAGE, 2 COTTAGES AND FARM-BUILDINGS.

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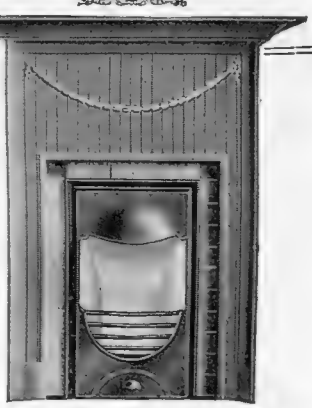

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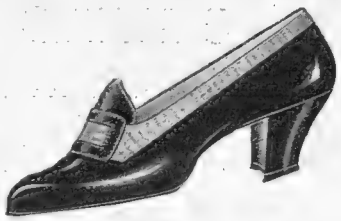

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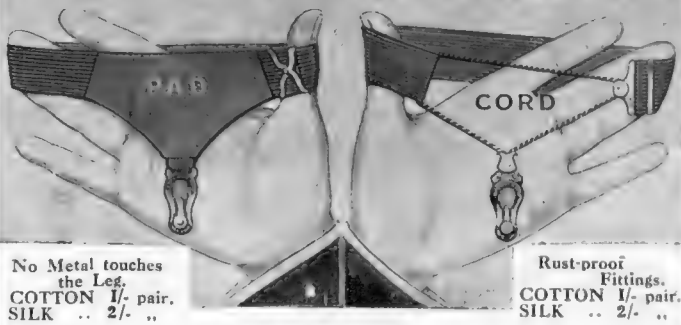

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NO OTHER DENTIFRICE has such incontestable proofs of superiority.

DR. PIERRE'S
TOOTH PASTE

Containing neither Acid nor Grit.
Does not injure the Enamel.

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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

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"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"
PRICE ONE PENNY.

Trial Bottle. **6d.**

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large size 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores Hairdressers everywhere or direct HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

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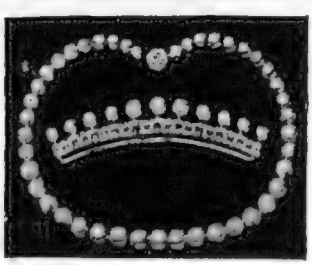

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Ladies are unanimous in their praise of the beauty and lustre of these unique reproductions of the real PEARL.

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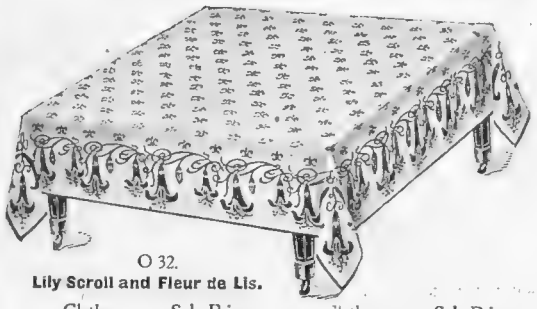
BY ROYAL WARRANT

WALPOLE BROS., Ltd., 89 & 90, New Bond St., W.

Sale of Irish Table and Bed Linen

Now Proceeding.



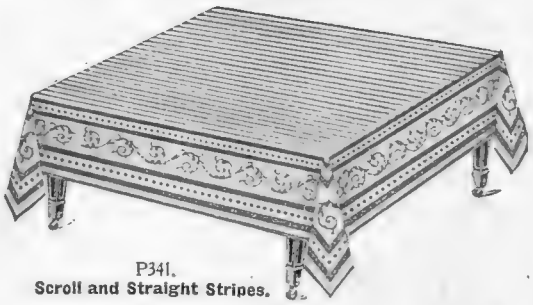
O 32.
Lily Scroll and Fleur de Lis.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2 by 2 yards ...	10/- each
2 by 2½ „ ...	12/6 „
2 by 3 „ ...	15/- „

Breakfast Napkins, 11/9 doz.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2½ by 2½ yards ...	16/- each
2½ by 3 „ ...	19- „
2½ by 3½ „ ...	22/3 „
2½ by 4 „ ...	25/6 „

Dinner Napkins, 15/6 doz.



P341.
Scroll and Straight Stripes.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2 by 2 yds. ...	12/6 each
2 by 2½ „ ...	15/6 „
2 by 3 „ ...	18/9 „

Cloths	Sale Prices
2½ by 2½ yds. ...	20/3 each
2½ by 3 „ ...	24/6 „
2½ by 3½ „ ...	28/9 „
2½ by 4 „ ...	33/- „

Dinner Napkins, 20/6 doz.

Sale Catalogue on Application.

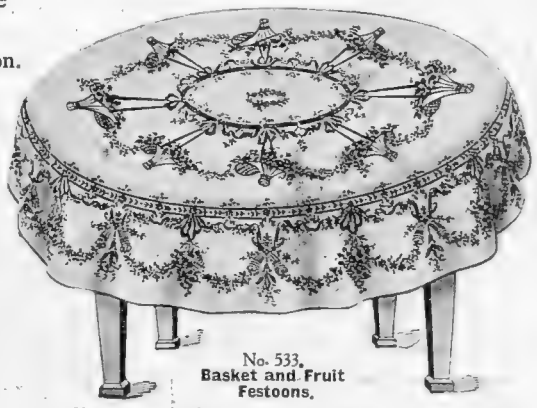
R301.
Scroll and Greek Key.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2 by 2 yds. ...	13/6 each
2 by 2½ „ ...	17/- „
2 by 3 „ ...	20/6 „

Breakfast Napkins, 17/6 doz.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2½ by 2½ yds. ...	21/9 each
2½ by 3 „ ...	26/- „
2½ by 3½ „ ...	30/6 „
2½ by 4 „ ...	35/- „

Dinner Napkins, 23/6 doz.



No. 533.
Basket and Fruit Festoons.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2 by 2 yds. ...	19/6 each
2 by 2½ „ ...	25/- „
2 by 3 „ ...	30/- „

Cloths	Sale Prices
2½ by 2½ yds. ...	34/3 each
2½ by 3 „ ...	41/- „
2½ by 3½ „ ...	47/6 „
2½ by 4 „ ...	54/6 „

Dinner Napkins, 40/- doz.

Telephone 1339 Gerrard.

No. 687.
Greek Key Border and Diagonal Stripes.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2 by 2 yds. ...	15/3 each
2 by 2½ „ ...	19/- „
2 by 3 „ ...	22/6 „

Cloths	Sale Prices
2½ by 2½ yds. ...	24/6 each
2½ by 3 „ ...	29/6 „
2½ by 3½ „ ...	34/6 „
2½ by 4 „ ...	39/- „

Dinner Napkins, 29/6 doz.

No. 93.
Line and Loop Design.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2 by 2 yds. ...	17/3 each
2 by 2½ „ ...	21/9 „
2 by 3 „ ...	26/- „

Breakfast Napkins, 25/6 doz.

Cloths	Sale Prices
2½ by 2½ yds. ...	27/6 each
2½ by 3 „ ...	33/- „
2½ by 3½ „ ...	38/6 „
2½ by 4 „ ...	44/- „

Dinner Napkins, 33/- doz.

WALPOLE BROS., Ltd., 89 & 90, New Bond St., W.

'Cravenette'

(Regd.)

is not as is sometimes thought—a garment.

It is a special SHOWER PROOF (the property of the well-known Cravenette Co.,) is admittedly THE BEST PROOF in the Textile World, and is applied to many varieties of cloths.

When buying SHOWERPROOF GARMENTS, get latest styles and fashionable cut if you can, but the essential thing is the wet-resisting quality. For this there is nothing to equal CRAVENETTE.

THE CRAVENETTE Co., Ltd., affix their stamp only to such goods as are suitable in quality for Shower-proof purposes.

REG. TRADE MARK *Cravenette* PROOFED BY THE *Cravenette* Co LTD

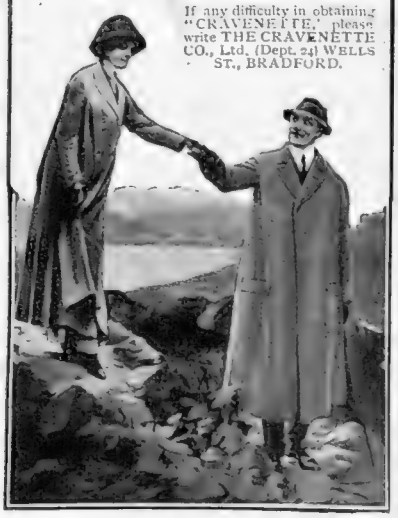
Therefore, this stamp is a guarantee not only of Shower-proof properties, but also of the Quality of the Material.

For sporting purposes, in fact for all outdoor wear, "CRAVENETTE" Garments are the best possible wear.

As they do not induce perspiration, fabrics treated by this process are perfectly hygienic, thus ensuring health and satisfaction to wearer.

DUST-PROOF as well as SHOWER-PROOF.

The "CRAVENETTE" PROOF has been awarded the certificate of The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.



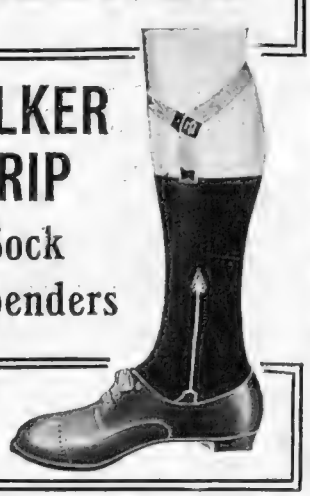
If any difficulty in obtaining "CRAVENETTE," please write THE CRAVENETTE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 24) WELLS ST., BRADFORD.

Walker Grip
Sock Suspender

Gives perfect ease; has no cords or pulleys. Keeps the socks up without chafing or pinching. Goes on in an instant.

Ask your hosier to show you Walker Grip Sock Suspenders. He has them at **1/-** and **2/6.**

WALKER GRIP
Sock Suspenders



Robinson & Cleaver's

SALE

—OF—

IRISH LINENS.

DURING JULY we clear all Summer and Surplus Stocks at prices considerably lower than usual BELFAST PRICES.

Irish Table Damask.

Odd Patterns that we are now Clearing at remarkably Low Prices:—

		SALE PRICE.
Cloths, 2 by 2 yds.	..	Each 4/9, 5/11, 6/11
,, 2 by 2½ ,,	..	,, 5/10, 6/10, 8/3
Napkins, 24 by 24 ins.	..	Doz. 6/11, 7/11, 8/11

Irish Linen Sheets.

Factory Accumulations, Hundreds of Pairs ready for use:—

		SALE PRICE.
Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yds.	..	Per pair 13/3
,, 2½ by 3 ,,	..	,, ,, 16/11
Hemstitched, 2 by 3 ,,	..	,, ,, 14/11
,, 2½ by 3 ,,	..	,, ,, 20/9

Irish Linen Pillow Cases.

Made from accumulated Stock of Linen, and Wonderful Values:—

	SALE PRICE.
Linen Pillow Cases, 20 by 30 ins.,	Per Doz., 13/6
Hemstitched .. .. 20 by 30 ins.,	Per Pair, 4/6

Face Towels.

Two Good Qualities and Designs, Woven during the quiet season:— SALE PRICE.

Linen Huck Towels (Hemstitched) with Damask Border. Per Doz. 13/9, 15/11

Handkerchiefs.

No. H. 7.—Ladies' All-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12½ ins. square, 1/10th Hem. SALE PRICE, Per Doz. 2/9

No. H. 6.—Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs. All Linen Hemstitched, 18½ ins. square, ¼ in. Hem, Worth 7/6. SALE PRICE, Per Doz. 5/1

Shirts and Collars.

"Castle" Collars for Men, Single or Double Shapes, Newest Style. SALE PRICE, Per Doz. 5/9

"Matchless" Shirts.—White Shirts for Dress or Day Wear. Reduced to Each 5/8

SALE LIST POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD.

Donegall Place, BELFAST.

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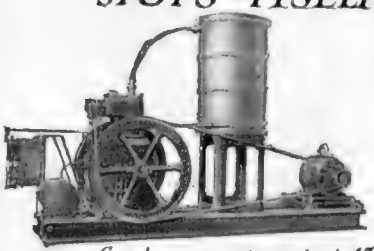
AUTOMATIC

ELECTRIC LIGHTING & PUMPING INSTALLATION

(PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

STARTS ITSELF—STOPS ITSELF



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DURSLEY . . Glos.

HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED USERS

Estd. over 25 years. 12 Gold Medals

HARRY HALL

"THE" Coat & Breeches Specialist & Habit Maker.

207, OXFORD STREET, W. (near Oxford Circus)

31, ELDON STREET (Liverpool Street), E.C.

ONLY MAKER of 'HALLZONE' IDEAL 'Gold Medal'

21/- RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 2 & 3 guineas)

Best Fitting & Value Breeches made. In Riding & Bedford Cords, Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Sheppards Checks, & the Famous "HALLZONE" GARBETTE Thorn, Rainproofed, & Washable.

SUITS & OVERCOATS, fr 63/- (as sold elsewhere fr. 4 & 5 gns). We specialise on the Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave record measures for **Breeches, Coats, etc.,** or can order & fit same day.

"THE GRAND" ROLLER No. 01.

With Double Cylinder, Solid Ends and Rounded Edges, Painted in Colours and Well Finished.

Delivered free at any Railway Station in Great Britain.

PRICES AND WEIGHTS AS FOLLOWS:—

SIZES.	WEIGHTS.	PRICES.
Diam. Width.	Cwt. qrs. lbs.	£ s. d.
14in. by 14in.	1 3 0	2 3 8
16 ,, ,, 16 ,,	2 0 7	2 7 4
18 ,, ,, 18 ,,	2 1 14	2 13 4
20 ,, ,, 20 ,,	3 0 7	3 4 0
22 ,, ,, 22 ,,	3 3 21	3 18 0

These can be obtained through any respectable Ironmonger.

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ltd.

Thorncliffe Ironworks, near SHEFFIELD, Estab. 1793.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for **1/6** and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA), Dept. B, Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

JUST BEFORE THE FINISH

A 15 h. p. Talbot which won the President's Cup for the best performance on formula at the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Popular Conceptions

The popular idea is most persistent. Brazil is famous for nuts and revolutions; the lowest rank in its several armies (one for, and the rest against, the Government) is that of Colonel; its Generals are always walking around for a chance of potting the President and taking over the job and whatever emoluments may be attached to it, and its people are either semi-civilised patricians or wholly barbarous slaves. The popular Press and the humorous writer have been very helpful in maintaining the idea. Perhaps, indeed, there is some measure of truth in it. However that may be, Brazil is waking up. It has been somewhat mediæval, but it has, apparently, decided there is more money in being commercial. It was the largest producer of probably the best rubber in the world. I daresay the conditions under which it was produced were *not* the best; but that is not at present germane. It grew the rubber, but it had no manufacturing plant worth writing about, and it presented a very frozen face to the foreigner who would have erected the factories if facilities had been offered him.

UNDER THE TREES

In a Warwickshire lane, an 18-24 h.-p. Siddeley-Deasy Limousine landaulette

The Awakening of Brazil

Then the car came along, and the demand for rubber products spread like a prairie fire with a forty-mile wind behind it. Wealthy Brazilians bought automobiles, wanted tyres, and had to import them over tariff walls that increased prices unpleasantly. Soon Brazil was importing over two million pounds worth of manufactured rubber. The anomaly became too obvious. It was as if Newcastle imported coal. Moreover, there was the demand of the neighbouring Republics. Between the revolutions Brazil began to think along the lines of raw rubber for the world and manufactured rubber for South America. Congress decided to change the policy. It relaxed its cast iron embargo upon the manufacturer without the gate. It offered facilities. It went the limit of putting up a fat cash prize of £33,333—which is an odd sum, but an acceptable addition to any firm's finances—for the first properly equipped factory big enough to supply Brazilian needs and the needs of the adjacent States, that should get itself erected in Rio. Whereupon the Goodyear Tyre Company stepped in with plans for

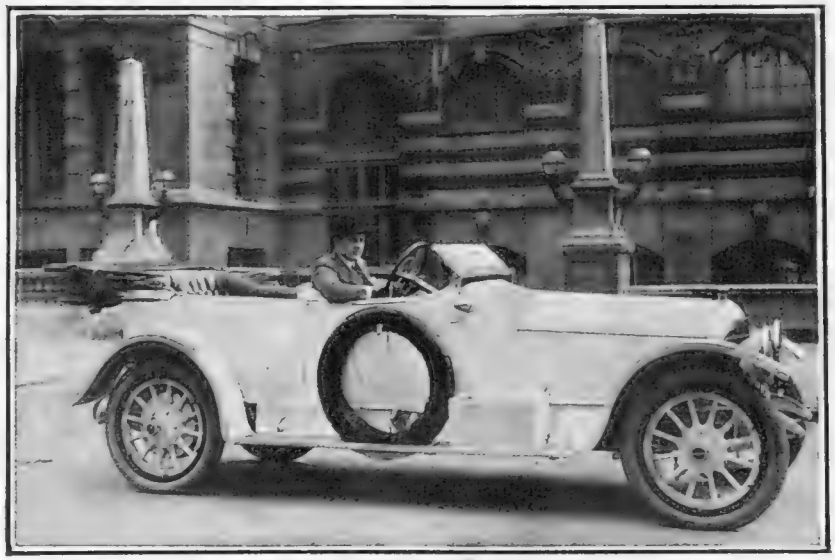
a plant to occupy 80,000 square metres and manipulate five tons of raw rubber per day.

A Land of Promise

That is not much of a gamble in futures, although the firm is budgetting far in excess of present requirements. South America is a land of promise. Judged by the names common upon prospectuses of companies exploiting it, one might be pardoned for imagining it the Promised Land. The development of the country should bring a nice reward to the enterprise of the Goodyear Company. The whole half continent is settling. The organisation of industry proceeds apace; and in front of it walks that harbinger of progress, the road-maker. There is the main interest for the motorist—the part played by the car in hastening the construction of roads and improving the means of communication upon which the development of nations depends. There is also the interest attaching to the economy of tyre production through manufacture at the foot of the rubber tree itself—where labour is cheaper. As tyre-users we are naturally in favour of anything that will reduce the cost to us. Therefore this move by the Goodyear Company can be watched with interest in the hope of profit. The company is fairly sure of its profit, anyway.

A "DOUBLE PURPOSE" COUPÉ

Built on a Minerva car by Messrs. Mann, Egerton and Co., of Norwich, who specialise in this class of body. The car depicted was built for a well-known Suffolk J.P.



THE 40 H.-P. OAKLAND CAR

With Mr. Jack Dare at the wheel. The car is fitted with the well-known "Delco" self-starter, lighting and ignition system

A Distinguished American

Another car tried is the Oakland—a very distinguished vehicle indeed, American as to origin, but without a suggestion about it to justify one of the popular delusions concerning American vehicles. Long and low and symmetrical, finished to its last mechanical detail as one expects a high grade car to be finished, fitted with that boon and blessing, the electrical self-starter, providing also current for lamps and ignition (the same installation, as a matter of fact, that has so materially assisted toward the popularity of the Cadillac), possessed in ample measure of those essential qualities of an efficient automobile, flexible power and silence, it is a notable and welcome addition to the high grade vehicles upon our market. The model I tried was a 26 h.-p. four-cylinder. Fully equipped, the price is no more than £400. There is also a 15 h.-p., and for the more opulent a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder—a splendid car indeed. The Oakland is the name; an amalgam of fine design, carefully selected material, and conscientious workmanship is the car.

In Brief

The fastest time of the day at Shelsley Walsh was made by the Vauxhall driven by Mr. Higginson, an amateur, and *not* by any other car at all. Other papers, please copy!—At Porthcawl the Talbot captured four firsts and the Humber two. The total number of open events was six!—The 1000 m.p.h. Brooklands Benzol Handicap went to the 15.9 h.-p. Sunbeam (1min. 6secs. start). The 23.8 h.-p. Vauxhall, which started owing 6secs., was second Speed of the winner, 80¼ m.p.h. Speed of the second must, therefore, have been touching three figures. What's the matter with benzol as a fuel now?—The old school will have to look out. The new motor-cycling journal, the *Autocycle*, is an excellent first number, and makes a notable addition to the literature of the wheel. It is light and witty and "sporty," and informative. Also, it has caught the spirit of the pastime. Welcome!

Nazarro, the world-famed expert, used HOBSON-POGNON plugs when he won the Targa Florio by over an hour. They should be used by all desiring the highest efficiency from their engine.—BOUGIE-POGNON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.

The KLAXON Co., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15s. 0d., or complete with dry battery, £4 4s. 0d.

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Do You Cyclax?

If not, you have not yet discovered the real secret of the perfect translucent "pink and white" complexion which every woman desires to possess, and which is the admiration of all beholders. All the perfection of feature in the world will not make up for an imperfect complexion.

Mrs. HEMMING, the great toilet specialist, who has built up the world-famous firm of "Cyclax" Company, speaks authoritatively on the subject of the skin. "The Cyclax Specialities," she says, "have won their way into the Courts of Europe by sheer merit, and 'Cyclax' has become a household word in the great aristocratic families of our own land. Ladies who use 'Cyclax' preparations soon discover their marvellous rejuvenating effects upon the complexion. Not only do they charm away all imperfections, but they give tone to the skin, whiten and soften it, and impart an exquisite freshness and clearness of colouring which ordinary cosmetics are incapable of producing."

SPECIAL TREATMENTS are arranged for the "Cyclax" Patrons at the Private Salons of Mrs. Hemming, who originated these famous preparations. At these beautiful rooms, which are situated above the department for the public sale of the "Cyclax" Preparations, there is a note of success pervading everywhere.

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.

This unique preparation possesses marvellous soothing properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant absorbs water. It cleanses the pores, builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, and protects the skin from exposure.

Price **4/-** and **7/6.**

"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.

This is the best preparation yet discovered for such trying affections as Redness, Sallowness, and Roughness of the skin. It cleanses the skin from all imperfections, and renders it clear and transparent in a week. It induces a pellucid whiteness and makes the skin soft and free from all blemishes.

Price **5/6** and **10/6.**

Write for Mrs. Hemming's valuable Book, entitled "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY," containing unique suggestions on Hygiene, Figure, and Skin. This will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY,
38, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

SWIFT.

SURE.

You need not buy new Suits for your Holidays—if Achille Serre clean and press those you have.

Of course you want to look smart and spruce on these occasions—and so you will, if you let us put your Kit right before you go. Lounge Suits, Flannels, Raincoats—even Hats and Ties—can all be made to look as good as new by our special treatment.

And it's cheap too—3/9 covers the cost of cleaning and pressing a complete suit.

Write for new book, "Modern Beau Brummels." The cover is reproduced from a fine water-colour by WILL HOUGHTON, and the letterpress is illustrated with clever pen and ink sketches by "THORPE." The book contains much useful information in an interesting form, and is well worth keeping.

A postcard brings it.

Achille Serre Ltd

(Nettoyage a sec)

Hackney Wick, London, E.

'Phone 3710 East.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

47

GREAT SALE of CORSETS

Lingerie, Gowns, etc.

The newest shape in fine yet strong White Coutille, cut very low in the bust and deep over the hips, finished off with dainty trimming of lace and ribbon. An ideal Corset for wear with the prevailing modes. Price, during sale, including suspenders, **30/-**

The London Corset Co., Ld.,
11, Hanover St., W.

It is scarcely too much to say that in course of time it will be accounted unpardonable to have a double chin, always provided Mme. Elvira can manage the vast *clientèle* she is gathering together. Once again I listened with increasing interest to cases that had been given up as hopeless coming out perfect cures. But the real objective of my visit was to learn of yet another speciality recently brought out for whitening and generally rendering the hands beautiful.

There is no greater tell-tale sign of age than a wrinkled hand, and Lilifier, a very old Quaker recipe, by the way, is working wonders. Also, it overcomes at once that frequent tendency of youth, redness,

Photograph *Talbot*

A DAINTY HAT
Of straw and tulle, trimmed with paradise feathers

which is, in its way, equally disfiguring. The naturally perfect hand, well-shaped, soft and lily white, is such a rarity as to arouse the utmost enthusiasm when it is encountered. To the artist it is a joy to be dwelt upon and dreamed over, and the colouring alone produced by Lilifier is likely to find a home in many studios. Also, it is equally efficacious in removing the ugly brown marks on the throat made by the uprights of collars and other blemishes.

Black Tulle Hats

When the news goes round that Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, are holding a clearance sale of surplus stock, it does not take long before their regular clients make a special point of calling there, in order to pick up the most alluring tit-bits. For there is nothing like experience for teaching things, and past events of a like character have brought the firm conviction that a sale at Gorringes is a very genuine affair indeed, one not bolstered up in any way with cheap "job lines," but just what it claims to be, a complete clearance of the surplus goods in all departments.

Fashionable black tulle hats that have been selling during the season at 42*s.* and 52*s.* are now reduced to 25*s.* 9*d.* each, while French models, usually costing from 3 to 5 guineas, are one and all to go at the uniform price of 29*s.* 6*d.* each. Another millinery *bonne bouche* that will appeal especially to young girls on a moderate dress allowance is a real Panama hat at 10*s.* 9*d.*, a wonderful price for so smart and popular a possession.

Numerous Attractions

A blouse that will certainly prove irresistible to many at its sale price of 21*s.* 9*d.* is of *broche crêpe de Chine*, daintily embroidered with French knots and trimmed with buttons, the original cost of which was 27*s.* 6*d.*; while also of particularly alluring *genre* is a smart little satin shirt, with Robespierre collar and tie, the fronts fastening over a little to one side with two tabs, trimmed buttons and mock loops. This is stocked in sizes from 13 to 14½, and during the sale is to go for 21*s.* 9*d.* instead of the usual 25*s.* 9*d.*

Housekeeping Necessities

The house-proud woman who has possessed her soul in patience until Walpole's summer sale is reaping a just reward in bargains of the most covetable description. This redoubtable firm, being the actual manufacturers of their inimitable pure Irish linens, are able to offer them, at all times, at wholesale prices, so that when these are furthermore substantially reduced, as is the case at present, it does not require any very acute reckoning to perceive the splendid economy of laying in stores for existing and future requirements.

Those about to set up housekeeping on their own account should most assuredly pay special court to the offer of some hemstitched linen sheets that have been made up from odd, but invariably beautiful, qualities of sheeting, to be cleared at 25 per cent. under the usual prices. These are perfectly fresh goods, laundered and ready for use, another odd lot of linen sheets, both hemmed and hemstitched, a trifle shop soiled, descending to just half their original price. Hem-stitched Huckaback towels with damask borders, size 22in. by 40in., are reduced from 27*s.* 6*d.* to 19*s.* 6*d.* the dozen, a limited number of fine quality hemstitched diaper towels, size 27in. by 40in., going at 31*s.* 6*d.* instead of 43*s.* the dozen.

A beautifully illustrated catalogue has been compiled that faithfully relates to the various choice offerings. This can be had gratis from 89, New Bond Street.

By the Silv'ry Sea.

When away at the seaside the constant exposure to the sun makes a high-class toilet cream indispensable. Beetham's La-rola is quite greaseless and is unequalled for removing Sunburn, Roughness, or Redness. It whitens the complexion and makes the skin beautifully soft and smooth. When you pack for the holidays don't forget Beetham's La-rola. Gentlemen should use La-rola before and after shaving, it soothes the skin and allays Irritation.

Special Offer: Send us 3d., and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

Bottles **1/-** & **2/6** each of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON (Dept. By), **Cheltenham**

The Menu: Vegetarian Dishes for the Hot Weather

Peas Stewed with Lettuces and Ham

Shell a peck of young green peas and put them into a bowl of cold water and 2 oz. of butter. Work them well with the fingers to make the peas stick together, and then drain them in a colander. Put them next in a stewpan with the hearts of two lettuces finely shred, a large onion cut into small pieces, a handful of parsley, and ½ lb. of ham cut into thin slices; cover the saucepan closely, and let the peas stew till they are tender; shake the saucepan now and then to prevent the peas sticking. When they are done, take out the ham and onion, put in 2 oz. of butter mixed smoothly with a desserts oonful of flour and a tablespoonful of c eam. Simmer gently for four minutes, and serve very hot with fried sippets round and slices of broiled ham on the top.

Cauliflower with Curry Sauce

Boil one or two (according to the number of persons) compact cauliflowers carefully, so that they are tender and yet unbroken, and drain them thoroughly. Then place them upright on an entrée dish containing some warm butter, and pour a rich curry sauce over them which is sufficiently thick to mask them, and over the sauce scatter the sieved yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Have ready four or five good-sized tomatoes which have been cut into moderately thick slices and cooked in butter until tender. Arrange these neatly round the cauliflowers so that they just overlap, and scatter some finely chopped parsley over them, and beyond the tomatoes put some croûtons which have been fried a golden colour, and serve very hot.

Peas with Eggs

Cook some peas (two or three pints) in just enough boiling salted water to cover them. Add two lumps of sugar and a sprig of mint. Do not cover the pan. Directly the peas are tender, drain them, put them into a fireproof dish, pour some fresh melted butter over them, and keep them hot. Separate the yolks from the whites of four eggs. Beat the former well, and whisk the latter tc a stiff froth. Add two tablespoonsful of cream or milk to the yolks and a tablespoonful of warm butter. Season well with salt and pepper, add a little nutmeg, and lastly, stir in the whites of the eggs and pour the mixture over the peas. Place the dish in a quick oven for five or six minutes, until the eggs are set, and send at once to table.

Stuffed Cucumbers à la Roma (an Italian Recipe)

Take one or two fresh cucumbers, hollow them out partly by taking out the middle—where the seeds are. Make a mince of chicken or veal, mixed with a little forcemeat, chopped tomatoes, and butter (it should be a soft mince), fill up the cucumbers with this, and cork up the ends with pellets of bread or dough. Stew them gently in a brown gravy, to which add the insides of the cucumbers, and the pellets of bread must be removed before serving. Dish them up on long fingers of fried bread with the sauce, which should be nicely thickened and flavoured, poured over them.

Asparagus in Tomatoes (a Cold Supper or Luncheon Dish)

Select about eight large tomatoes of even size, dip them in hot water for a second, peel them carefully, scoop out the centre with a sharp knife, and put them on ice until required for filling. Cut about one pint of green asparagus tips into small pieces, boil them in salted water, and drain, add a pinch each of nutmeg, castor sugar, paprika, and a dish of cayenne. Mix this with enough tartare sauce to well season the asparagus. Fill the prepared tomato cups with this, and cover the surface with a little stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with tufts of mustard and cress, and serve.

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The Editor's Box

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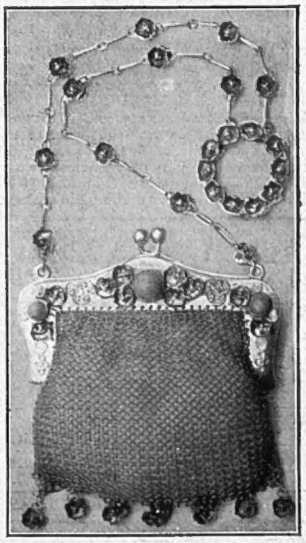
"They cheered like anything to see such quantities of sand." So, at least, did the Walrus and the Carpenter when they arrived at Scarborough. Alice, in this jolly little booklet, issued by the North Eastern Railway Company, also paid visits to Flamborough, where she met the White Rabbit, to Robin Hood's Bay, where she met the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon, to Filey Brig, where the Mad Hatter's Tea-Party was held, to Bridlington, where Tweedledum and Tweedledee had a "frightful scrap." At Redcar she, of course, met the Red King, and she also had various adventures at Withernsea, Hornsea, Saltburn, and Whitby. Those who want pleasant seaside holidays on the bracing East Coast should write to the North Eastern for "Alice in Holidayland" and follow Alice's adventures—in fact, as well as fiction.

Colds

I have caught cold. Now this statement is not a very interesting one in itself, and if it were made, say, at a dinner-party would be looked upon as entirely out of place, and the speaker would probably find himself regarded with some suspicion and no sympathy. However, germs cannot be transmitted by cold print, and the reasons for the cold and how I intend to avoid one in future may, perhaps, appeal to those who may themselves be suffering in the same way. The reason was the change in the weather last week, and the means I propose to take in order to avoid that kind of cold in future is to wear B.V.D. underclothing. They are light and warm, and the vest fastens all down the front like a waistcoat. B.V.D. garments may be obtained from Charles G. Thorpe, 66, Aldermanbury, E.C.



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An Acknowledgment

The photograph of Mr. Whitaker's new schooner, *Margherita*, which appeared in our issue of June 11, is the copyright of Messrs. W. Kirk and Sons, Cowes.

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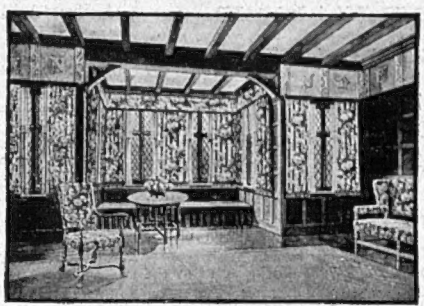

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